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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



1962: OUR DEAD-SOLID PERFECT ROOKIE PICK

Although the format has changed over the years, a story on baseball rookies (page 30) has become something of a tradition at SI. This year, as our baseball staff sifted through the current crop, someone wondered how good (or bad) our picks had been in years past. So we hearkened to the immortal words of Casey Stengel and looked it up. Well, we've had our hits, our runs and, of course, our errors. For instance, last year we were confident that Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela would be one of the best rookies, and he was. In 1965 we were confident that Cardinal Infielder Ed Spiezio would be one of the best, and he wasn't.

"We haven't always tried to pick the Rookie of the Year," says baseball editor Larry Keith. "Often we've looked rather for an unusual story. For example, when we did Shortstop Harry Chappas [in 1979], we didn't even know if he'd make the team. We did him because he was interesting—and \$'s" tall."

Our top pick was made in 1961 by Walter Bingham, then a baseball writer, who went to baseball editor Bob Creamer and asked if he could do a story on just one rookie. "It seemed to me," says Bingham now, "that every year we were doing as many as 11 guys

with, at best, mixed results." Bingham's pick was a kid from Long Island who had done really well in his two years in the minors and, in fact, was supposed to take over in left-field for Boston's legendary Ted Williams. Creamer said O.K. and Bingham wrote, right up there in the first paragraph, "... Carl Yastrzemski, a rookie with the Red Sox, is going to be a star."

We did not pick Mark (The Bird) Fidrych in 1976, but we had spotted another bird in 1975, Jim (Emu) Kern, whom, along with Keith Hernandez, Marc Hill, Tom Veryzer, Gary Carter and Phil Garner, we billed as "The Most Likely To Succeed." We are pleased to announce that they all did.

Last week we asked Creamer, our most venerable baseball hand, to select an SI all-star team from the rookies we've tapped over the years, and here's what he came up with: starting pitcher, Jim Kaut; relief pitcher, Kern (he pecked very few pitchers); catcher, Johnny Bench; first base, Orlando Cepeda (over Boog Powell and Hernandez); second base, Willie Randolph; shortstop, Tony Kubek; third base, Brooks Robinson; leftfield, Yastrzemski; centerfield, Willie Wilson (moving over from left); rightfield, Lou Brock; designated hitter, Roger Maris (originally rightfield); manager, Sparky Anderson (we had pecked him as a second baseman, but he only lasted one season).

Now all this may make us look pretty good, but to be perfectly honest, we think you should know that in 1968 we selected Detroit First Baseman Don Pepper, who appeared on our cover with four other rookies. He never made it. In 1976 we picked (among others) Texas Pitcher Jim Gideon. He never made it.

In the so-called-to-be-immortal words of Larry Keith, "You've got to have a sense of humor about it."

Philip W. Howard

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Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? When, else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

BOOKTALK

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

NEBRASKA FOOTBALL IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS GREAT AND ROTTEN VOLUME

It was one of those delicious moments in life when I opened the book that arrived in the mail, *My Big Red Obsession* (Winkler Publishing Co., \$10.90, \$12.50 by mail from Box 327, Grand Island, Neb. 68802) by Charlie Winkler, and read the author's inscription, "To Doug Looney: The greatest writer and the finest human being I have ever known."

I promptly shoved it in front of my wife's eyes. She read it coolly and returned silently to her washboard.

But I wasn't diminished. See, for the first time, somebody had recognized me for what I am—greatest writer, finest human. The truth feels so good. Why is it that nobody had ever seen me as perceptively as Winkler saw me?

"He just wants you to write something nice about his book," my wife said. That punctured my elation momentarily, until I reached out anew for truth, and explained to her, "Now, Charlie [who was chronicled in *SI* Nov. 10, 1975 as college football's No. 1 fan] wouldn't do that. He just had this heartfelt urge to tell me what I am—greatest writer, finest human. The guy is honest. Nope, Charlie couldn't contain himself. He had to say it; he had to let it out."

And so I settled down to peruse this book on University of Nebraska football—this great, fine book. But then, on page 203, I was stunned to read: "The personable Looney has to be one of the finest individuals I've ever known. . . . What a minute. One of the finest? Am I the finest or am I not? I tend to believe the inscription, which is handwritten and therefore shows more care, but the text undeniably says I'm one of the finest, that I'm in a group. Damn, just when you think you got it made, you don't get it made."

Never mind. While I sat there agonized as *The Greatest Writer, The Finest Human Being*—and with the written proof—it was wonderful. And it was me. Then page 203 turned up and shattered me. Which is all I have to say about your stinking, rotten book, Charlie.

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CARDINAL PHOBIA

There was a time when the University of Kentucky could boast of having, year in and year out, the best college basketball team in the land. Now it can't even claim the best team in Kentucky. The latest blow to the Wildcats' pretense to pre-eminence in Bluegrass country came last week in Nashville, where everybody expected Kentucky and Louisville to meet in a "dream game" in the second round of the NCAA Midwest Regional. The dream turned into a nightmare when the Wildcats were upset 50-44 in the first round by Middle Tennessee State. It's bad enough that Kentucky got bounced from the tournament and that Louisville subsequently whipped Middle Tennessee 81-56. But what really stings the Wildcats as No. 2 on their own turf is their continuing and increasingly shameful reluctance to play despised Louisville in the regular season.

That failure of the competitive spirit on Kentucky's part plays very much into the hands of Denny Crum, who became the Louisville coach in 1971. Crum has turned out a succession of talented and free-wheeling teams, and when the Cardinals won the NCAA championship two years ago, he got in a dig at the Wildcats by crowing, "Now we're the university of Kentucky." Under Crum, Louisville has thumbed its nose at entrenched Kentucky in other ways; this season a Louisville radio station, WHAS, which for many years has broadcast Kentucky games, also started carrying Cardinal games.

Kentucky could have responded to Louisville's challenge with considerably more grace than it has. Outside of the greater Louisville area, the Wildcats continue to own the hearts and minds of most of the state's rabid basketball fans, and probably always will. Under Joe B. Hall, who had the thankless task of succeeding Adolph Rupp as coach in 1972, they won an NCAA tournament of their own in 1978. But Hall's somewhat regimented team isn't as much fun to watch as Louisville's, and to judge by the great number of stars who have transferred to other schools, it's also considerably less fun to play for. And the Wildcats have

tended to fold at inopportune moments, last week's stunning upset in Nashville being only the latest example.

In losing to Middle Tennessee, Kentucky may have been guilty of looking ahead to the anticipated showdown with Louisville. And in view of the Cardinal phobia that has been bred into Wildcat players, how could it have been otherwise? The two schools haven't scheduled each other in basketball since 1922, and they last met in the NCAA tournament in 1959, when Louisville upset one of Rupp's best teams 76-61. Crum has repeatedly called for the two schools to start playing each other during the regular season, but Kentucky coaches, officials and boosters, taking a what-have-we-got-to-lose position, have turned a deaf ear.

They have looked silly in the process. When a TV reporter asked Hall in a pre-season interview about the prospect for such a game, the Kentucky coach looked into the camera and said, "Cut . . . dissolve." And when *The Sporting News* tried to arrange for Louisville and Kentucky players to pose together for the cover of its college basketball issue, Hall balked. A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky legislature that would require the two schools to meet each year in both basketball and football (the Wildcats have lately been avoiding Louisville in that sport, too), but University of Kentucky supporters opposed the measure, which is currently bottled up in committee. Under the circumstances, some Louisville partisans could scarcely be blamed for wondering aloud whether Hall's team had intentionally lost to Middle Tennessee in order to avoid playing the Cardinals. There's no reason, thank goodness, to believe such a thing, but Hall and his Wildcats don't have much to be proud of all the same.

AMBIGUOUS STICKER

Could it have been an omen? In Murfreesboro, Tenn., home of Middle Tennessee State, bumper stickers reading MURFREESBORO NEEDS JOE B were seen long before last week's big win over Kentucky. But the stickers didn't refer to

Wildcat Coach Hall. It happens that Joe B. Jackson is the Democratic candidate for mayor in Murfreesboro's April 20 general election.

A BIG GUY SPEAKS OUT

Bob Hill, a columnist for *The Louisville Times*, has a pet peeve. Hill is vexed that basketball coaches, announcers, sportswriters and fans insist on saying of Ralph Sampson, Sam Bowie and other sweet-shooting giants, "He's got a great touch for a big man." Calling that phrase "archaic, offensive and discriminatory," Hill allowed in one of his recent columns that there was a time when the "big lum-



moxes" who played basketball couldn't shoot, but he pointed out that the "game is now overrun with 6' 8" clones who are good outside shots." With unassailable logic, Hill asked, "Has anyone ever said that 6' 8" John Kenneth Galbraith is a great economist for a big man?" Warning to his subject, Hill also wrote, "And why shouldn't [today's big men] be good shots?" He answered his own question: "They don't have those dumb, ugly, stubby little fingers that the plus-sized guys do."

Forgive the flash of anger. The 6' 5" Hill, who was a swingman on Rice's basketball team in the early '60s, admitted that he was still scarred from having suf-

continued



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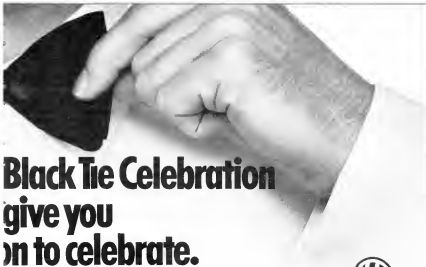
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ferred the slings and arrows of classmates because he was "the tallest kid in my class for 12 years in a row."

BOTTOMS UP

In the first 21 years of the conference's existence, Southern Cal won or was co-winner of no fewer than 17 Pac-8 and, later, Pac-10 swimming championships, thanks to an abundance of standout performers like Joe Bottom (1974-77) and his brother Mike (1975-78), each of whom swam on four conference championship teams. A third brother, Dave, is now a freshman at Stanford, having decided not to follow Joe and Mike to USC. At the Pac-10 meet two weeks ago in Los Angeles, Dave was Stanford's leading scorer, placing second in the 100-yard butterfly and in the 100- and 200-yard backstrokes, as the Cardinal won its first team swimming title in conference history. USC placed fifth.

SAVE YOUR BEAR MEMORABILIA, THE PRICE WILL RISE AGAIN

Following a 1981 season in which he became the winningest coach in college football history—he has 315 career victories, one more than Amos Alonzo Stagg—Bear Bryant is now suffering the postmortem blues. Bryant's top administrative aide, Charley Thornton, has up and taken a job at Texas A&M, and the Crimson Tide appears to have been out-recruited for next season by, among others, cross-state rival Auburn. One recruiting ploy used against the 68-year-old Bryant was that he faces mandatory retirement in two years, and unless some of his influential boosters succeed in making that retirement unmandatory, well, who would want to become part of a program as unsettled as that? Another ploy was that Bryant's grip on his players was slipping, as evidenced by the fact that several of them had scrapes with the law in 1981, leading to jokes around Tuscaloosa that the school's cheer should be changed from "Roll Tide" to "Parole Tide."

But none of this prevented 1,000 well-wishers from assembling in the ballroom of the Sberation Washington (D.C.) Hotel last week for a \$125-a-plate dinner billed as "America's Tribute to Paul (Bear) Bryant." Bob Hope and the Rev. Billy Graham were at the head table, so you knew right away that some-

thing important to America was going on, and the ballroom was decorated to resemble a stadium, complete with artificial turf on the floor, a lighted scoreboard, a replica of the Goodyear blimp hovering overhead (it was adorned with Bryant's name in lights) and "vendors" dispensing peanuts. Equally lavish were the words of Alabama Senator Jeremiah Denton, one of the dinner's sponsors, who said, "In Alabama, Coach Bryant is second only to God. We believe that on the eighth day the Lord created the Crimson Tide."

The dinner, the proceeds from which were earmarked for a scholarship fund at the school in Bryant's name, gave Alabama fans every reason to be confident about the future—if not necessarily on the gridiron, then certainly in the marketplace for Bryant memorabilia. All the guests at the function received limited-edition souvenir programs, each of them individually numbered, presumably in the expectation that historical documents chronicling the Bryant era will one day fetch a pretty price. Guests also received 10-ounce bottles of Coca-Cola bearing Bryant's likeness on the label. The commemorative Cokes went on sale in Alabama last December for, typically, 69¢ each and are in such demand around the state that some stores reportedly are now asking—and getting—up to \$3 apiece. Instead of drinking the Cokes, many guests slipped the unopened bottles into pockets and purses and took them home for safekeeping. For his part, Bryant was presented with two paintings of Alabama football scenes, keys to a new van, a couple of stuffed bears and a small bronze bust of himself.

WILLIAMS DAY

Three days after New Jersey Senator Harrison A. Williams Jr. resigned under threat of expulsion following his conviction on federal bribery and conspiracy charges, what was billed as "Williams Day" was held, as previously scheduled, in the Garden State. Don't worry, the disgraced politician wasn't the one being honored. The festivities, which took place before the New Jersey Nets' 98-97 loss to the Seattle SuperSonics in the Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, N.J., recognized Ray Williams, one of the Net newcomers who have helped give that team new life this season (page 64), and his brother Gus, who plays for the Son-

ics. Neither ex-Senator Williams nor Bill Bradley, who succeeds him as the state's senior U.S. Senator and who has earned some honors in the NBA in his day, was on hand for the ceremony.

ONE OF A KIND TAKES A MATE

Since winning the three-meter springboard diving championship as a teenager at the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, Jennifer Chandler has attended college (University of California at Irvine), retired from amateur athletic competition, done some coaching and become the answer to the following trivia question: How many American women have won individual Olympic gold medals in swimming or diving since 1972? Owing to her countrywomen's poor showing in '76 and the U.S. boycott of the 1980 Games in Moscow, the answer is exactly one—Jennifer Chandler. Something else that Chandler, now 22, has done since her triumph in Montreal is become engaged to Samuel Edgar Ainslie, 24, a golf teaching pro whom she'll wed in Birmingham on April 3. We congratulate her on taking the plunge.

CONSIDERED TOGETHER, THEY'RE IDEAL

Contrary to anything else you may hear on the subject, the starting guards on the San Diego Clippers aren't Oscar Madison and Felix Ungar. They're Charlie Criss, the NBA's shortest player, and Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant, quite possibly the tallest guard in league history, and they've been the Clippers' regular backcourt combination for almost a month now. Criss is 5'8", Bryant 6'9½", and if the height disparity strikes you as bizarre, look at it this way: They average around 6'3", which is probably pretty close to normal for an NBA backcourt.

THEY SAID IT

• Abe Lemons, after being fired last week as the University of Texas basketball coach by the school's athletic director, DeLoss Dodds: "I looked around the room and nobody else was there, so he had to be talking to me."

• Ed Lynch, New York Met pitcher and a former basketball player at the University of South Carolina, addressing teammates as he stood motionless in the clubhouse: "I'm demonstrating the North Carolina offense."

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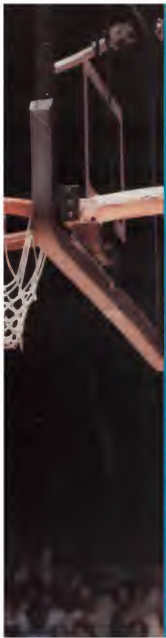


*Holiday
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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 22, 1962





Sweet 16 And The 32 Who Missed

North Carolina, Virginia and Georgetown won squeakers in the NCAA tournament, while DePaul did its annual ei foldo

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If this was the season in which college basketball played best the clock once too often, the season in which everyone seemed to be trying not to lose rather than to win, the season of lost innocence at UCLA and lost luster at Notre Dame, is it any wonder that the 1982 NCAA tournament began with a terrific assortment of non-happenings?

There was the game that was never played: Kentucky-Louisville, March 13, Nashville. Save your scalped, no doubt, ticket stubs. There was the player who never showed up: Wyoming Forward Bill Garnett, who, after a marvelous season filled with honors, disappeared in the wilds of Utah to be replaced by a look-alike who missed 12 of 17 shots in as sorrowful a two-game tournament as any All-America ever had. There was the upset that was written on the wind, in which DePaul folded in its first game for the third straight year, this time bowing meekly to Boston College 82-75. And there was the Eastern embarrassment that didn't materialize because Alexander Hamilton or James Madison or one of those founding fathers surprised the stockings off the tournament and because three teams from the nationally belittled Big East Conference emerged from Washington, Boston and Philadelphia to gain berths in the sweet 16.

However, the fact that three of the four top seeds survived the

continued

Lee scored 18 points and pulled down eight rebounds in leading Memphis State past Wake Forest 58-55 in the East.

tournament's opening weekend may be cause for distress throughout the rest of the draw. Now that North Carolina, Virginia and Georgetown, with six freshmen playing prominent roles, are no longer wet behind their playoff ears, it will take an act of God, or of somebody like Alabama in Birmingham's Oliver Robinson, to keep them from New Orleans and the championship round.

Before North Carolina, No. 1 in the tournament seedings, met James Madison, No. 4 in the presidents, last week in Charlotte, N.C., Kyle Campanelli, 12, asked for and received North Carolina Coach Dean Smith's autograph at court-side. A while later Kyle might have been

able to trade it even-up for the autograph of his dad, James Madison Coach Lou Campanelli, because even-up is just about how the unknown Dukies played the Tar Heels before losing 52-50.

Unknown may not be fair. Campanelli and Madison snuck out of the Shenandoah Valley to upset Georgetown in last year's tournament, they upset Ohio State in this year's, and it will be no upset if Campanelli sneaks off to Duquesne or Seton Hall soon. On Saturday he got his Dukies up again, parlaying 12 points each from Linton Townes, Dan Ruland and Charles Fisher to pull within one point of the lead (46-47) with 1:38 to go. Then the Tar Heels' James Worthing, who

hadn't scored in the second half, made a characteristic play. From the spread offense he broke back door, took a Jimmy Black piss, made the layup, was fouled and converted the free throw to give Carolina a 50-46 lead. Ultimately Worthing and Sam Perkins combined for 32 points and 14 rebounds, enabling Smith to say jokingly, "That back door play is on page 42 of the basketball book."

If Campanelli missed that, he hasn't overlooked much else during the six years James Madison has been in Division I. "The Number 1 team couldn't

UAB's Norman Anshrum helped swat away defending champ Indiana and Ted Kitchol.



break us," he said tearfully. "The whole country can take their hats off to our Dukes."

In Logan, Utah, Georgetown's freshman Center Pat Ewing didn't doff his hat or his shirt. Because of a recurring cold, Ewing wears a T shirt underneath his uniform top. Young Bill Russell turns into young Marlon Brando. While the extra layer fends off the chills, Ewing's massive wingspan chills enemy shooters. Whether playing human backstop at the base of Georgetown's ferociously aggressive 1-3-1 trap zone press or lurking in the center of the Hoyas' 3-2 zone, Ewing was the main student/athlete in Georgetown's 51-43 victory over Wyoming.

After the Cowboys and Garnett won a sloppy 61-58 game from Southern Cal, Wyoming seemed primed for the upset. But from the outset the quicker Hoyas attacked all over the floor, Garnett appeared in a daze, and Wyoming didn't score for more than three minutes.

Even after Georgetown's star shooter, Sleepy Floyd, went to the bench with four fouls early in the second half, after the Hoyas' offense wilted and after Wyoming's white tornado, Mike Jackson, struck from afar to reduce the margin to 44-41, still the Georgetown D kept coming. In the final minute Eric Smith, the Hoyas' glue, produced four points, two steals and a clinching home run of a pass for a layup. Ewing catapulted for a rebound of a missed jumper, and the Hoyas had passed their first test.

Virginia also passed. Barely. Give the Cavaliers a D—D for the desire of Othell Wilson, who played on one leg and with one painful thigh bruise, and D for the determination of Ricky Stokes, who drilled the two winning free throws in Virginia's 54-51 escape in Indianapolis from the mechanical clutches of Tennessee. Oh yes, and add another D for Ralph Sampson's defense on Dale Ellis, who shot up the Cavaliers until Sampson shut him down. Jeff Jones suggested the move in the huddle and what it did was disrupt the Tennessee tempo—"He made Dale pull the string," said Vol Coach Don DeVoe—wipe out a 10-point deficit and give control of the game to the Cavs.

Not that Virginia looked an easy winner at any time, what with missing 13 of 21 free throws, being outwitted on the bench by DeVoe and outshot from the perimeter. "Our fine tuning didn't come into effect," said Sampson. Whatever



Middle Tennessee blocked a showdown, but not Rodney McCray, in an 81-57 defeat.

that meant, Tennessee got into foul difficulty and the ball went to the Cavs' 7' 4" center. The result: four straight Sampson buckets, a 51-51 tie and shortly a Virginia freeze. Stokes got a high-five from Wilson just before he went to the line for his crucial free throws. "Ralph and I have the same initials," the 5' 10" Stokes

said later. "I can use his monogrammed handkerchiefs, but not his shirts."

In Dallas, meanwhile, Debbie didn't do DePaul, but Davis surely did. That's Dr. Tom Davis, the brainy Boston College coach who concocted yet another way to frustrate the Blue Demons.

"Hope you make it to New Orleans,"

continued

Furman Coach Eddie Holbrook had said recently to DePaul's Ray Meyer:

"I'll be there, but I'm sure my team won't," Meyer reportedly replied.

What did Ray know and when did he know it? That DePaul was tiptoeing through quicksand with all those narrow escapes in the closing weeks of the season? That the Blue Demons were brimming with announcements of pretournament confidence such as "This is the third strike" (Tyrone Corbin) and "We've been the big flop" (Bernard Randolph)? Or that Boston College would nail San Francisco and that John Bagley, the best all-purpose guard in America, would be waiting to embarrass his team?

For the third straight year DePaul entered the NCAAs with only one loss and ranked No. 1 in one poll or another. Once... twice... three times a malady. This one was caused by Meyer's confusion over whether BC would hold the ball and his mistaken impression that the Eagles didn't have the talent to stay with DePaul up and down the court. Beep-beep. Thirty-five DePaul fouls and 26 Bagley points later, Dr. Davis' team had De-Pressed DePaul and the Midwest Regional was wide open.

Exactly where the tournament championship trophy will wind up should become clearer following the regionals this week at Raleigh, N.C., St. Louis, Birmingham and Provo, Utah.

EAST Whether North Carolina can reach the Final Four for the seventh time under Smith probably depends on the memory and mirrors of the Dean of DeLay. If Smith can recall his practice sessions of 10 years ago he may envision his Tar Heels trying to guard one of their own, Bob McAdoo. Remember McAdoo—see him once again all over the floor shooting and rebounding and even passing with alacrity—and Carolina will understand the difficulty of controlling Memphis State's Keith Lee.

In the second round the Tigers showed some ACC tendencies by stalling the ball during the final five minutes of a 56-55 nail-biter with Wake Forest, in which Lee accumulated 18 points, eight rebounds, four blocks and some big clutch plays down the stretch. It took all that and more for Memphis State to advance to play Villanova.

The Wildcats were forced into three overtimes with Northeastern simply because a rolling (Perry) Moss shoots no



Fresno's Bobby Davis and Bernard Thompson were Bulldogs on D against Phil Collins.

stones. Moss upset St. Joseph's 63-62 practically by himself, and he nearly upset Villanova by scoring 31 points before John (Bear) Panone bared his rebounding claws and Eddie Pinckney and Stewart Granger cashed the deciding slams in a 76-72 thriller.

Three of the four teams in Raleigh seem woefully bench-thin to have come this far. However, the fourth, Alabama—which joined the fray after win-

ning 69-68 in a roughhouse YMCA brawl with St. John's—can go both ways: small, with a three-guard lineup, or large. Against Carolina it merely depends on how 'Bama Coach Wimp Sanderson wants to take his poison. If Lee should carry Memphis State past Villanova, the Tigers will be faced with a defensive choice of their own: Stop Worthy or stop Perkins, but not both. Two Keith Lees are better than one.

MIDWEST To get back home to St. Louis, normally sure-handed Missouri turned the ball over 18 times in the first half and squandered a nine-point lead in the second before subduing Marquette 73-69. "We were in the prevent offense," Tiger Coach Norm Stewart said. Losses by DePaul, Tulsa and Arkansas made Mizzou the only seeded favorite left in this bombed-out regional.

The Tigers will find the proceedings plenty hostile, however, if Steve Sipanovich and Marvin McCrary aren't totally healthy. Missouri needs Sipo up front to battle Akeem Olajuwon, Houston's center with the Star Wars name and the 7-foot frame, not to mention defensive specialist McCrary to slow up Rob Williams. Williams sprinted through the Tulsa press for 26 points in a 78-74 fun run. Though Houston may out-talent the universe, Missouri should get by on superior smarts alone.

In the other bracket, Dr. Davis meets Mr. Hartman, Jack by first name, the esteemed mentor at Kansas State, for a coaching masterpiece made in clinic heaven. Hartman held down the pace against Arkansas with his patterned offense and huge front line, and K-State won an elegant struggle 65-64 when the Hogs' Scott Hastings missed a jumper with three seconds left. But BC seems able to go at any pace, and there's simply no way to guard Bagley. Watch him. And watch BC shred the Big Eight—K-State and Mizzou—for the Big East.

MIDEAST "Who will buy?" sang the little orphan, Oliver Twist, in chorus with the other street urchins on the Broadway stage. Who will buy this? That another Oliver, Oliver Robinson of that former basketball orphanage at Alabama in Birmingham, will come out smoking? That the muscular inside tandem of Norman Anchrum and Chris Giles will continue knocking heads? And that Coach Gene Bartow's explosive Blazers will entertain the hometown crowds at Birmingham's Coliseum, upset Virginia and then polish off Louisville to win the Midwest as convincingly as they dethroned defending champion Indiana 80-70.

A lot of attention in Nashville was focused on Middle Tennessee, which got in the middle of the Kentucky-Louisville "Bash in the Nash" by shocking the Wildcats 50-44 before losing to Louisville 81-56. Meanwhile, UAB quietly turned in its best defensive effort of the

season while the 6'4" Robinson, an underrated backcourt leader, was celebrating his birthday by lighting up the Hoosiers like candles. He scored 23 points. If ACC whispers that Sampson "shies away" when he is subjected to physical play are true, Anchrum and Giles will make big Ralph positively bashful.

Louisville, with four returning starters from the 1980 national championship team, should finally live up to its potential and overcome Minnesota's 7'3" Randy Breuer and his methodical Gopher compadres, who nearly were stopped up the track Sunday by a UT-Chattanooga choochoo. Minnesota pulled that one out 62-61. But it may be too much to expect Derek Smith, Jerry Eaves and company to defeat Birmingham at Birmingham, where the Blazers have lost only twice in two years.

WEST Georgetown Coach John Thompson certainly didn't relish having his team sent 9,000 miles away from the Potomac and 4,500 feet above sea level as the top seed in the West Regional. But Thompson, who has isolated his scholars from the media while maintaining a McEnroean us-against-the-world mentality, surely is enjoying the privacy of the Utah mountains. He has been shutting his team from a Salt Lake City hotel to the playing sites at Logan and, this week, Provo. Obviously there weren't any vacancies in Sackatchewan.

The Hoyas are the heavies here, not only because they are geographical interlopers but also because they are an intimidating bunch, brutish on the court (notably Ewing and Point Guard Fred Brown); churlish on the bench, where the coach uses his imposing size (6'10", 300 pounds) to take advantage of referees; and threatening to become more awesome with every game. Dominance breeds unpopularity, and it's no secret to anyone that Thompson has the best athletes in

the tournament—and more of them.

For either Fresno State, which nipped West Virginia 50-46, or, more likely, bigger, swifter Oregon State to halt Georgetown's rampage, someone must deal with Ewing and the Hoyas' forbidding defenses. This regional has four of the top five scoring-margin teams in the land. Idaho, whose Brian Kellerman crushed Iowa with a last-second shot that gave the Vandals their first NCAA tournament win, 69-67, is the fourth in this foursome. And they all do it with defense. "We don't want to let the game happen to us," says Fresno Coach Boyd Grant. "But it will take some finessing to beat Georgetown."

The Bulldogs, backed by their renowned Red Wave of boosters and the funniest, sleaziest costumed mascot anywhere, will attempt just that. The Oregon State Beavers—who no less an authority than Bill Walton says "do everything perfect fundamentally"—will attempt it behind the spectacular defense of Lester (The Molester) Conner. Idaho might try it with poison. But it will be cause for surprise if any of them succeeds.

Only one team would seem capable of standing in the Hoyas' way to the national championship. And even Carolina may not be finer.

ENO

Perkins and the Tar Heels held on to beat James Madison.



Look Homeward, Hawkeye

Iowa wrestlers may often wander, but not when it's NCAA title time

by HERM WEISKOPF

Thomas Wolfe notwithstanding, Iowa's wrestlers proved last week that you can go home again. The occasion was the NCAA championships in Ames, where Iowa won yet another national title in spite of the fact that Hawkeyes have a habit of straying from the flock.

Iowa seemed to have the title in the bag back on Feb. 26—when Barry Davis dropped the bag. Davis was actually trying to drop something else that day—6½ pounds. He had arisen at 3:30 a.m. and had gone to the Iowa gym to shed that amount so he could compete as a 118-pounder later that day at the Big Ten championships at Michigan. Alas, no matter how much he bunsled up, jumped rope, ran or sat in the sweat box, Davis couldn't lose the weight.

Unable to reach his melting point, Davis arrived at his breaking point. Since the start of the season in November, he had struggled mightily with excess poundage. At 4:40 that morning he couldn't take it any longer. So he wrote a note to Iowa Coach Dan Gable: "I'm sorry I can't make weight. You can win the Big Ten and the nationals without me. Best of luck. You won't be able to find me, so don't try looking."

Then he left the gym and started walking. "I went all the way across town [Iowa City] to a Hy Vee grocery to get some food," Davis says. "I got there too early. It didn't open till seven. I decided to wait. I read a newspaper story that said ABC was going to televise the nationals. I

thought, 'Boy, you really blew it.'"

At 5:20 that morning, the rest of the Hawkeyes assembled in the gym for a 6:30 flight to Ann Arbor, Mich. Dave Fitzgerald, Iowa's 167-pounder, found Davis' note stuck to his locker.

"Barry left the note with Fitzgerald because Dave once left the team and Davis figured he'd understand," Gable says. "The first thing Dave said was, 'I can't understand how anyone could do this.' I thought the note was a joke. But then we checked Barry's locker and saw that all his stuff was in there."

That's when Gable knew there was trouble. If Davis didn't compete in the Big Ten championships, he couldn't qualify for the NCAAAs. And without Davis, the Hawkeyes' chances of winning the nationals would plummet. "I went to my office and told myself that if I was going to find Davis in a city of 50,000 people I'd have to use deductive reasoning," Gable says. "I learned that from being a Sherlock Holmes fan."

Gable called Davis' roommate, heavyweight Steve Wilbur, who wasn't making the trip to Michigan. Then he phoned Davis' parents in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. No clues. Then Gable had an idea. What, he reasoned, would a hungry man do first? Get some food. Gable sped off to a local grocery. No Davis. He went to a pancake house. No Davis.

While Gable drove alone, several wrestlers followed in another car. Next stop, the bus depot. No Davis. "Lord, I need your help," Gable prayed as he drove along. His prayer seemed to be answered almost instantly. "I saw some-



Schultz was a happy 177-pound warrior.

body on a city bus who looked like Davis," Gable says. "I figured if it was him, I'd cut in front of the bus at the next red light and get him. But when I got a closer look I saw it wasn't Barry. By now, we were on the east end of Iowa City."

"We decided there was somebody he might have gone to, so we looked for a phone directory to call there. We pulled up to a Hy Vee and someone said, 'There's Barry.'"

"Barry was at the cash register with a sack of doughnuts and some M & M's in his hand. When he saw me, he dropped everything on the floor and said, 'I haven't ate anything, Coach.'"

"I grabbed him by the front of his shirt and said, 'How could you do this to me? I'm a human being, too. I don't mind if you can't make weight, but you can't run off on the team like this.' At 7:15 we were back at the gym."

Gable and Davis caught an 8:06 flight for Ann Arbor, and during a layover in Chicago, the two rushed to a nearby hotel for an 80-minute workout in a gym. That was more than sufficient to get Davis below 118 pounds. Then it was on to the Big Ten championships, where he finished first in his division.

"I had told him to lose the weight at Michigan, not to try to do it before we left home," Gable says. "When you're hungry and alone, it's hard to lose. It helps if you've got people around to motivate you."

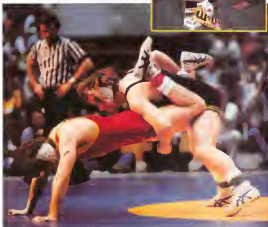
Davis was strongly enough motivated thereafter to win six straight

Metzger Sr. and Jr. shared the 142-pound trophy.



matches and top off his 46-1 sophomore season by beating Iowa State's Kevin Darius 7-5 for the NCAA title Saturday night.

Like Davis, Fitzgerald has proved he could come home again. "I left the team two years ago and went to Austin, Texas, where I had a friend," he says. "I didn't think I liked wrestling that much anymore." After six months of selling insurance, Fitzgerald decided he liked wringing opponents' limbs more than ringing doorbells. "He's been easier to work with since he came back," Gable says of Fitzgerald, who was seeded eighth at the NCAA's and finished seventh, getting the Hawkeyes six points.



In a reconnection, Gable restrained Davis from chomping on some goodies, but in real life Davis put the crunch on Darius.

A few weeks after Fitzgerald left in 1980, Lou Banach took off. On the third day he returned. "I got on a bus and was going to see an old girl friend in Denton, Texas," Banach says. "By the time I got to Oklahoma City the next day, though, I was tired of the bus. I stayed one day and flew back to Iowa City the next."

Banach went on to become the 1981 NCAA heavyweight champ, and at last week's 490-match tournament he took part in three of the most talked-about

bouts. The first was against North Carolina's 407-pound Tab Thacker, who outweighed Banach by 192 pounds. Thacker hoisted Banach off the mat in the first period of their quarterfinal match. But Thacker, who had Banach's right arm clamped tight, made the mistake of taking Banach down on his left side. That enabled Banach to brace himself for the impact with his free left arm and shoulder.

The bull-strong Banach exerted tremendous power with his hips and rolled Thacker onto his back and, a second later, Banach pinned him.

On Friday night, however, Banach was a 7-4 loser to Oklahoma's Steve (Dr. Death) Williams. Dr. Death is an offensive guard for the Sooners and, off the field, a rather gentle 285-pound soul. Friday night, though, he was at his scaring best. Banach and Iowa State's unranked Wayne Cole then fought it out for third place Saturday afternoon, with Banach winning this punishing match 11-10.

Saturday night's crowd of 14,204 swelled the three-day attendance to a record 73,566. Aside from Davis, Iowa had two other titlises, Jim Zalesky at 158 pounds and Pete Bush at 190.

Four of the eight returning 1981 winners won again. Dan Cuestas of Cal State-Bakersfield beat Boise State's Scott Barret 10-4 at 126 pounds. In a rematch of last year's 142-pound showdown, Andre Metzger of Oklahoma again defeated Lenny Zalesky of Iowa. After his 9-6 triumph, Metzger stepped up on the victory stand with his month-old son, Andre Jr. Iowa State's Nate Carr was the third repeat winner, getting past Oklahoma State's Kenny Monday 2-0 in their overtime battle at 150 pounds.

The most frenetic finale was at 177 pounds between Mark Schultz of Oklahoma, the victor at 167 pounds last year, and Iowa's Ed Banach, who was gunning for his third straight 177 title. Ed, Lou's twin, is known in the sport as an "animal," an almost reverent tribute to his impressive musculature and aggressive wrestling. But Schultz matched Banach muscle for muscle, hustle for hustle, beat him 16-8 and was named the tournament's Outstanding Wrestler.

As for Iowa's wayward wrestlers, they contributed mightily to the Hawkeyes' title quest. Together, Davis, Fitzgerald and Lou Banach earned 42½ points to pace Iowa to a 131 75-111 victory over second-place Iowa State.

That was the fifth consecutive NCAA championship for Gable's Hawkeyes, the most in a row any coach has ever had. It was fitting that Gable achieved this on the Iowa State campus, for it was there that he wrestled as a collegian and it was there last week that he proved that he, too, could come home again.

Assessing the Montreal Canadiens—the purportedly new, improved, re-dedicated Canadiens—is like assessing the proverbial glass of water. Is it half empty or half full? Is Bob Berry, who coaches the Canadiens or psychoanalyzes them or something, a genuine chain-smoking genius or merely a local

boy making good, a guy who got lucky when he split last May from Dr. Jerry Buss and Buss's atrophying Los Angeles Kings? Is Montreal a true contender for the Stanley Cup or, once again, just another tomato can that will head straight for Palookaville once the playoffs begin?

On one hand, these Canadiens are es-

entially the same bunch that took an early postseason powder in both 1980 and '81. On the other hand, at the end of last week they had lost only once in their preceding 27 games, in the process running away from Buffalo and Boston in

In Montreal's balanced offense, Sturt (left) and Lafleur don't fly as high as in the past.



Ready For A Long Trip In The Playoffs

Under new Coach Bob Berry, Montreal has taken off again, and it shouldn't be beaten early in postseason play—as in recent years **by MIKE DELNAGRO**

the Adams Division and overtaking Edmonton for the second-best record in the NHL, 42-12-17. Unlike the last couple of seasons, Montreal is clearly skating toward the playoffs with that old *Esprit du Bleu, Blanc et Rouge*.

True, the Canadiens came on strong at the end of 1980-81 as well, going 18-4-7 in their final 29 regular-season games, only to perform so wretchedly in an opening-round sweep by Edmonton that at least one fan wearing one of those world-famous red Canadian sweaters sat in the Montreal Forum with a paper bag over his head. Ah, but wait till this season's playoffs. The 1981-82 Canadiens have some added ingredients, the most important of which are a hot rookie who may stop the club from playing musical goalies and a tough, innovative coach who's at least as good as he is lucky.

The Canadiens couldn't be happier about working for Berry. Under his predecessor, Claude Ruel, who was the coach from December 1980 through the end of last season, the Flying Frenchmen were more on the order of the Crying Frenchmen. They lamented mostly over Ruel's style of play—to check, to defend, to bore. “A skater like me needs the puck,” said Guy Lafleur, the six-time all-star wing, last fall, “but Claude kept saying, ‘Stick with your check! Get back!’ I started hesitating. My game fell apart.” By playoff time last year, the mood was grim. Says goaltender Rick Wamsley, “You wouldn’t crack a joke for fear they’d send you to Siberia.” Worst of all were Ruel’s practices. “It was the same routine every day,” says another Canadian. “Always the same drills, and always Claude yelling, ‘Lug the middle! Lug the sides!’ Even today I have no idea what that’s supposed to mean.”

Berry, 38, brought his three-pack-a-day habit and a fresh outlook. He uses videotape to scout upcoming opponents and draws up a game plan for each one. He keeps copious stats, spots tendencies and lets the numbers determine which players will dress for games. In short, Berry is modern. Heck, even his practices are enjoyable. Sometimes he orders a scrimmage in which the lefthanded shooters shoot right-handed, righties left. Other days it might be his “Chinese fire drill”—a game of 10-on-10 with no

checking, icing or whistles. Berry’s silliest routine follows three-on-three mini-games: Each loser must roll over on his back and bark twice like a dog. “In an 80-game season, know what’s a lot worse than silly?” says Berry. “Monotony.”

A bona fide townie, Berry grew up on Mount Royal, starred at wing for Mon-

treal. Unlike Ruel, Berry plays no favorites. Citing their lack of spark, in December he benched the team’s top two plus-minus leaders, defensemen Brian Engblom and Rod Langway, for most of a game. He also sat down Steve Shutt for three games. Shutt, the NHL’s single-season record holder for goals by a left

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLO



Gainey, the NHL's best defensive forward, got his 20th goal last week against Boston.

treal's Sir George Williams (now Concordia) University and can't remember not knowing the way to the Forum. A few days before Irving Grundman, the Canadiens' managing director, offered him the job, Berry spoke with *Montreal Gazette* sports editor Red Fisher.

"What are they looking for up there?" Berry asked.

"A bastard," Fisher replied. "Do you qualify?"

"Uh, well. . ."

He does. At Sir George, Berry sat at the knee of Coach Paul Arsenault, who once had his players do pushups on the Forum ice minutes before a championship game. At preseason camp Berry established his authority when he fined Lafleur, whose birthday happened to be that day, for missing an 8:30 a.m. prac-

tice (60), had never missed a game while healthy in his 10-year career. Of Berry, Wing Rejean Houle told *Al Strachan* of *The Globe and Mail* in Toronto, "When a guy tells you there are six players too many on a team and that you keep your job only if you keep earning it, you get serious fast." Shutt did. In his first 14 games after the benching, he scored nine goals and had six assists.

In the past the Canadiens invited their agents and friends into the locker room. Berry threw all the hangers-on out. He also sets curfews and checks beds. And whenever possible he insists on arriving at away games a day early to allow his players to spend more time together. Berry believes that a team must feel like a family. Who can argue? Montreal has by far the best record on the road in the

continued



The play of Wamsley may put a stop to the Canadiens' reliance on a troika of goalies.

MONTREAL CANADIENS *continued*

league with 20 wins and eight ties in 36 games. "Discipline is just a fancy word for knowing your job and doing it," Berry has said. Yo, Red, he's qualified, isn't he?

Last season Berry's Kings had a club-record 43 victories. His departure from L.A. was unexpected and not at all amicable. In fact, when Montreal played in Los Angeles last Nov. 10, Berry told the local press, "Please don't make this into a battle of wits, me versus [King General Manager] George (Maguire). He's obviously unarmed." A story: After the Kings lost 5-4 at Pittsburgh last season, Berry walked across the ice and smashed the clock controls. He was convinced the timekeeper had run off precious seconds while time was supposed to have been called. The NHL fined Berry \$500, and he got a \$2,100 bill from the Penguins for the damages. No problem. But it became one when Buss refused to reimburse Berry. "How can Buss pay players \$3,500 a piece as a dumb goals-against bonus and take everybody to Hawaii and then not pay this bill?" Berry told Dink Carroll of Montreal's *Gazette*.

Another story: The Rangers eliminated the Kings in Round 1 of last year's playoffs. "I wanted to play whom I wanted to," says Berry. "Buss and Maguire

told me not to dress a certain player. When you're told whom to play, then blamed when you lose. . . ." Afterward, Buss offered Berry a one-year contract. That's about when Berry phoned Fisher.

"The bottom line is that Bob has tightened the reins here," says Larry Robinson, the Canadiens' perennial all-star defenseman. "All us players say we like to be treated like men, but deep down everybody wants a father, too." And Berry mothers as well as fathers his new team. Defenseman Robert Picard says Berry is quick to pat his charges on the back. In Quebec he took the whole team to dinner. In Denver he gave Wing Bob Gainey a \$50 bill and told him to buy the club a drink. It isn't coincidental that at St. George Berry majored in psychology. His methods work. "No one works harder than Berry, and he always has the right statistics," Wing Charlie Simmer of the Kings once said. "He's the Earl Weaver of hockey."

Before the season began, Berry decided that Montreal's biggest problem was a lopsided attack. For example, in 1979-80 the Canadiens got 147 goals from the line of Lafleur, Pierre Larouche and Shurt. The other 10 forwards combined for 137. So after studying films of the past few seasons, Berry took a deep breath and reigned his lines. He matched Mark Napier, a proved sniper,

with Gainey and Doug Jarvis, his two best checkers. The result: At week's end Napier had equaled his NHL-high for goals with 35 in leading Montreal's checking line to a total of 74.

Berry's other major move was to place Keith Acton, a superstar who's even more of an agitator than Philadelphia's Ken (Rat) Linseman, between Lafleur and Shurt on the No. 1 line. Since Jacques Lemaire's retirement following the 1978-79 season, the Canadiens had been looking in vain for someone to center that line. The search is over. Through Sunday Acton had more than twice as many points (33 goals, 46 assists) as he had last year and was Montreal's top scorer. Now in his 11th season, Lafleur, 30, may have lost a bit of his dazzle, but he was the No. 2 scorer, with 26 goals and 56 assists.

"In L.A. I had the greatest line in the history of hockey," says Berry, referring to the Simmer-Marcel Dionne-Dave Taylor unit that was one, two, three in NHL individual goal-scoring most of the 1980-81 season. "But when they didn't score, we didn't win." He has no such problem at Montreal. When everyone is healthy and the lines intact, the Canadiens have the best scoring balance in the league. From Jan. 19 to Feb. 23, a stretch of 16 games, the Canadiens were undefeated, with 13 wins and three ties. During the streak the Lafleur-Shurt-Acton line had 19 goals. The No. 2 line—Pierre Mondou, Mario Tremblay and Houle—had 21. The No. 3 line of Gainey, Jarvis and Napier had 20. And the fourth line, which usually has Doug Risebrough centering Chris Nilan and Mark Hunter or Craig Laughlin and Doug Wickenheiser, had 12 goals.

If the team goes belly up again early in the playoffs, the cause may well be the same as last year's: unsettled—which is not to say bad—goaltending. Richard Sevigny began last fall as the incumbent goalie, but in exhibitions he gave up nearly six goals a game. So, when the season started, Wamsley and Denis Herron shared the No. 1 spot. In his first five starts Wamsley looked sharp, winning three and tying two. But on Nov. 11, in a 4-3 victory over St. Louis, Wamsley allowed three soft goals. The next game Berry dressed Herron and Sevigny, and Wamsley watched from the stands—and kept watching. Then, on Dec. 29, Herron suffered a concussion when Anders Kallur of the Islanders banged into him. Sev-

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Sevigny started the next game, a 6-3 win over Chicago, but two nights after that he collided with the Rangers' Ron Duguay and badly bruised his thigh. He was replaced by Wamsley, who was making his first appearance in 59 days. Two days later, Sevigny broke his left hand in practice. Now Berry had Sevigny and Herron on the sidelines and, in Wamsley, a goalkeeper in whom he wasn't terribly confident. So he called up Mark Holden from Nova Scotia.

Wamsley played well the next six games, giving up just 15 goals. But on the morning of Jan. 20, he was stopped at a red light in his Chevy Celebrity when a truck plowed into him. After the accident he could barely move his neck. Now Berry had three ailing goalies and a fourth with not a minute of NHL experience. Wamsley missed two games, both of which Montreal won. He has been the No. 1 goaltender, or shared the starting role with Herron, ever since. Meanwhile, Sevigny hasn't dressed since his collision with Duguay. Three weeks ago Sevigny walked into Grumman's office and asked to be traded. "It's nobody's fault," he says. "But we've got three goalies and two nets. I'm 25 and I want out."

Herron is 4-0-1 since returning to action on Feb. 18. He, too, has asked Grumman to trade him. On March 9, NHL trading deadline day, Grumman shipped Defenseman Guy LaPointe off to St. Louis. He made no deals for Sevigny or Herron.

As bizarre as the goaltending situation has been, it hasn't had a deleterious effect on Montreal's defensive performance. With a goal-against average of 2.75, the Canadiens are the only club in the league allowing fewer than three a game. Berry refuses to say so, but he seems to have settled on Wamsley as his No. 1 man. At week's end Wamsley had played in 19 of Montreal's last 24 games and his 2.63 goals-against average was second best in the NHL among goalies with 20 games or more. First in the league, with a 2.57 average, was Herron.

Wamsley had lost only one of his last 19 starts and had yielded no more than three goals in 17 of them. That's some accomplishment for a man who three years ago wasn't drafted until, as he says, "they were about to shut out the lights. My theory is when your chance comes, you take advantage of it. That's how I've always survived."

Wamsley backed up Sevigny at Nova



Hunter, earning five of his 121 penalty minutes, is one of the few indecorous Canadiens.

Scotia in 1979-80. Last season he was the No. 1 goalie there and let in only eight goals in five games with the Canadiens. Asked about Ken Dryden, the former Montreal all-star goalie who reportedly gave the front office rave reviews of Wamsley after having coached the goalies in preseason camp, Wamsley says, "I listened to Kenny, but he uses incredible words, and whenever I'd ask him a question, he'd start explaining and 10 minutes later I'd forgotten what I asked."

Wamsley is 5' 11", 185 pounds, and his style is to stand up, play the angles and, he says, "let a lot of pucks hit me." That's when he knows he's playing well. "If I stretch to make a save," he says, "I'm probably not playing right." If

things go bad he might pull out his copy of *Goaltending* by Jacques Plante and skim a chapter or two. He's almost apologetic about the normalcy of the way he prepares for games. "I don't stare at pucks or throw up," he says.

In September of 1980 Wamsley was invited to play in a between-periods exhibition in London, Ontario during a junior game between Brantford and the home team. Wamsley, a former standout for London, faced five penalty shots off the stick of an erstwhile Brantford wing named Wayne Gretzky. Wamsley made four saves and won \$250.

He says protecting the nets for the Canadiens is far easier, but not as easy as it was when Dryden guarded Montreal's goal. His life was made simple by Serge Savard, LaPointe and Robinson, perhaps the most dominant group of defensemen in NHL history. Only Robinson remains, and while he's no longer the best at his position, he, Engholm and Langway form the nucleus of a solid and aggressive unit. "You know you'll face about five tough shots a game," says Wamsley. "So all I must do is stop all the easy ones and half of the toughest, and we're probably going to win."

As Montreal rushes toward what could well be a date with the Islanders in the Stanley Cup semis, Berry is cueing up videotapes, lighting up cigarettes and taking careful notes. "You never know how things might go in a playoff," says Berry. "All you can do about it now is establish the idea you can play."

Consider it established, Bob

END



Berry: "The Earl Weaver of hockey."

Rookies Terry Francona of the Expos and Cal Ripken of the Orioles are chips off old familiar blocks **by STEVE WULF**

Let's Play Ball, Dad





Tito's fatherly advice is worth listening to: He hit .363 in 1959, when Terry was born.

next batter grounds to second, and Francona gets caught in a long, involved and very entertaining rundown, which ends with him sliding unsuccessfully into first base. "Never a dull moment," says Tito Francona, Terry's father. "Something is always happening around Terry." Adds Terry's sister, Amy, "Oh, he just likes to get dirty."

The game seems to be in a family way this season, thanks mostly to these two rookies, Cal Ripken Jr., 21, and Terry Francona, 22, each born in the best season of his father's career, each about to make a name for himself. They are at the head of a bountiful baseball freshman class that also includes Cleveland Catcher Chris Bando, brother of Brewer executive Sal; Los Angeles Outfielder Ron Roenicke, brother of Oriole Outfielder Gary; and St. Louis Outfielder Gene Roof, brother of former Catcher Phil. Some other top rookies are pictured on these pages: pitchers Dave LaPointe of St. Louis, Bob Stoddard of Seattle and Luis Aponte of Boston; leftfielders Chili Davis of San Francisco and Tom Brunansky of California; and Second Baseman Steve Sax of Los Angeles.

The young Ripken and Francona both grew up around ball parks—Ripken in the minors, Francona in the majors. As talented as they are, the nicest thing about them is that they're both genuinely nice, which is a tribute to those unsung heroines, Vi Ripken and Roberta Francona, who raised them while the dads were going from town to town.

John Patsy (Tito) Francona, an outfield-first baseman, was traded eight times in a 15-year major league career. He went from Baltimore to Chicago to Detroit to Cleveland to St. Louis to Philadelphia to Atlanta to Oakland to Milwaukee. In 1959 he hit .363 for the Indians. In April of that year, Terry was born, and soon afterward he displayed his designer's genes.

"He couldn't have been more than a year and a half old," Tito recalls. "We

continued

On a secluded diamond behind the centerfield wall of Municipal Stadium in West Palm Beach, Fla., the visiting Baltimore Orioles are taking batting practice before their March 8 exhibition game with the Montreal Expos. Cal Ripken, the Orioles' third-base coach, winds and throws the ball to Cal Ripken, the Orioles' third baseman. Cal Ripken, the third baseman, lines what would have been a double to left center, and Cal Ripken, the coach, throws another pitch.

Cal Jr., the third baseman, and Cal Sr., the third-base coach, will be conferring often.

"This is a scene that's been repeated many times, although seldom in the majors," observes Ken Singleton, a Baltimore outfielder, who is standing behind the cage. "A father pitching to his son." Singleton pauses a moment. "I guess it goes to show that what goes around, comes around." Cal Ripken, the third baseman, hits one into the swamp behind leftfield of the practice diamond, and Cal Ripken, the coach, smiles.

Later, in the seventh inning of that day's game, Terry Francona of the Expos lines a single to the opposite field off Oriole Reliever Tippy Martinez. Up in the stands, the Francona family cheers. The

had this little plastic bat and ball. He picked the bat up and I began throwing him the ball, and—I'm not kidding—he started hitting it consistently."

When Terry was six and his father was playing with the Cardinals, he fell in with some of the older children among the offspring of members of the club. "Bob Skinner had four kids, and they used to take the team's broken bats and sell them in the stands," says Terry, who doesn't exactly remember doing what he's about to relate, although he has heard the story so often that he knows it by heart. "Gee, I thought, if they can make that much money off of broken bats, think how much I could make selling the good ones. So I grabbed a handful of bats, and not just any bats. They were game bats that belonged to guys like Tim McCarver, Julian Javier, Bill

White, Mike Shannon. The next thing I know, I've got about \$50 in my hand. My father, who gave me a dollar to spend every time I went to a game, sees me with all this money and asks me where I got it. I didn't think I'd done anything wrong, so I told him. He was so embarrassed. He had to go up to each one of the players and apologize. Now I realize that players kill for game bats."

In those days Terry was literally a kid in a candy store. He used to stuff his pockets with the gum and candy that was set out in the clubhouse for the players. He

thought the goodies were free, when, in fact, the clubhouse manager was noting every item and giving Tito the bill.

When he was 10, Terry was the bat-boy for the Oakland A's. His favorite players were Catfish Hunter and Tom-

continued

LaPoint (below left), 22, led the American Association in strikeouts (129) last year. Brunansky (right), 21, batted .332 with 22 homers and 81 RBIs in 96 games for Salt Lake City. Davis, 22, batted .350 and paced Phoenix with 40 steals.



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me Reynolds, and he got Blue Moon Odom to help him with a fifth-grade book report. "Once a player asked me to go into the clubhouse to get him some chew, and I accidentally locked myself in," says Terry. "I was so embarrassed I stayed there the whole game, and he never did get his tobacco."

When Tito came home from the park, Terry would beg him to play catch. "He was exhausted," says Terry, "but all I wanted to do was to throw the ball. The only way he could get me to stop was to throw each ball harder until my hand started to hurt. Also, I was always pestering him to take me to the ball park early so we could throw."

Tito didn't mind, though. "He was fun to have around," Tito says. "When I would give a clinic, he'd come. He knew my speech by heart and we used to kid each other about it. 'There are five things to baseball,' he'd say to tease me in the car, 'hitting, running, fielding, throwing and hustling. If you can do all those things well, you can be another Mickey Mantle or Hank Aaron.'"

Tito first got an inkling that his son might be a big-leaguer in 1970, his last year in the majors. "I would stand on first base at County Stadium and look around the seats, and I'd see Terry sitting right behind home plate, chin on the rail, studying the pitchers," Tito says. "His friends would be running around the stadium, eating hot dogs, but Terry would just sit there." Sometimes, before a game, Terry would climb up the long rope to Bernie Brewer's house high atop the Milwaukee scoreboard. Mother and father quickly put a stop to that.

Not long after he left baseball Tito became director of parks and recreation for Beaver County, Pa. He watched Terry star for New Brighton High. After Terry's senior year, the Chicago Cubs drafted him in the second round, but their money offer wasn't very enticing and Terry decided to go to college, something he was inclined to do anyhow. So he went, sight unseen, to play for one of his father's old teammates, Jerry Kindall, at the University of Arizona.

In his junior year, 1980, Francina, a lefthanded hitter, led Arizona to the College World Series title in Omaha and was named college player of the year. Jim Fanning, now the Expo manager, but then Montreal's director of player development, recalls how Francina came into the Expos' picture: "He wasn't that high

on our list. We were concerned that he had no power and that his running speed might not be good enough. I sent three guys to Omaha, and they saw him steal some bases and hit a home run. Suddenly he shot right up the list just before the draft. We didn't have a very high pick, so a lot of players were gone, but he was still available and we took him."

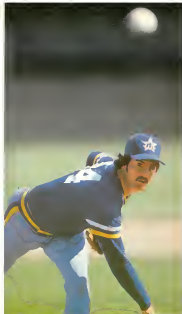
Fanning wanted to send his new acquisition to Class A ball, but Terry insisted he could play in Double A, at Memphis. "I still can't believe I had the nerve," says Terry. "I go into the meeting and I say, 'What's this garbage about sending me to A ball?' As it turns out, Mr. Fanning had said the garbage." But Fanning capitulated, and Terry went to Memphis and hit .300. "Mr. Fanning was right, though. I hit a weak .300."

Last year Terry opened the season at Memphis, and after batting .348 in 41 games, was called up to Denver. He found Triple A even easier, hitting .352 in 93 games, with 58 RBIs. On Aug. 19 he was promoted to the Expos, and on Sept. 13 he stepped into the lineup full time, in place of injured leftfielder Tim Lincecum. He hit .274, played errorless ball and made five assists in 26 games. The Expos also won their first division title.

"He made all kinds of diving catches, great slides and never missed a cutoff man," says Fanning. "I'm trying to be conservative in my praise, but everything he does is right. Once in a sacrifice situation, with the infielders charging, he faked the bunt and hit the ball past short for a single. Another time, Bruce Sutter is pitching for St. Louis, and I tell Terry to take a look at the forkball before swinging at it. He lets one go by—and hits the next one just inside the rightfield foul pole for a home run."

That homer was only the third of Terry's pro career. His upright stance is a duplicate of Tito's, although he doesn't have even his father's limited power. He runs like his father, who was fast, but not very fast. "I also have my father's nose," he says.

Though one hesitates to say it, Terry also has magic. "At the end of last season, he was getting hits off the end of the bat, singles off knockdown pitches," says Expo Third Baseman Larry Parrish. "And I was hitting the ball right at people. So he comes over to me in the dug-out before a game against the Phillies, takes my bat and starts rubbing it. He says, 'Now you've got a double off the



Stoddard, 24, was 2-1 with Seattle after leading the Pacific Coast League in ERA.

wall and a chinker for an RBI in there." The first time up, I doubled off the wall. I'm out the next two times, but then I hit a ground ball over Ron Reed's head for a single to score a run."

Francina's role with the Expos isn't clear yet. Tito, for that's what Terry's teammates now call him, will share time an outfielder with Tim Lincecum and squeeze in some games behind Warren Cromartie at first. But he'll be around. "He's a breath of fresh air," says Fanning. "Just the other day, I broke him of the habit of calling me Mr. Fanning."

Tito is basking in the reflected glory. "This has been a renewal for me," he says. "It was like going to sleep for 10 years, and now the phone's ringing again. All players have some ego, and this is a nice way to be remembered."

Terry and Tito may look and play alike, but Cal Ripken Jr. bears little resemblance to Cal Ripken Sr. Big Cal is actually little Cal and vice versa. At 6'4", Cal Jr. is five inches taller than Cal Sr. This causes some complications when, as is often the case, their under-

continued

wear gets mixed up in the clubhouse laundry, Cal Sr. now writes his number instead of his name on his personals.

Ripken the Elder was a good minor league catcher when Gus Triandos was a fixture behind the plate in Baltimore. In 1960, his fourth year in the pros, Ripken batted .281 with 74 RBIs at Fox Cities (Wis.), which was managed then by Earl Weaver. "I remember Cal introduced me to his wife, who was pregnant with Cal Jr. at the time," says Weaver, who is now, of course, the Oriole skipper. "Do you want me to say it? All right. I knew the kid was a ballplayer even then."

Ripken was called up to Rochester in Triple A the next year, but injuries ruined any chance he had of making the majors. Harry Dalton, then the Orioles' farm director, offered him a job managing at Leesburg, Fla., in 1961, and from there Ripken embarked on a 13-year nine-team tour of duty as a minor league skipper, the longest in the history of the Oriole organization, surpassing Weaver's 11-year stint. The Ripkens went from Leesburg to Appleton, Wis., to Aberdeen, S. Dak., to Kennewick-Richland-Pasco, Wash., back to Aberdeen, to Miami, to Elmira, N.Y., to Rochester, N.Y., to

Dallas-Fort Worth, to Asheville, N.C.

There's an interesting coincidence involving the Ripkens and Franconas, and Aberdeen, S. Dak. and Aberdeen, Md. Cal Sr. was born, raised and still lives in Aberdeen, Md. and managed for three years in Aberdeen, S. Dak. Tito met his wife while playing for the Pheasants in Aberdeen, S. Dak., and Terry was born there. While in the Army, Tito was stationed in Aberdeen, Md.

Wherever his father managed, Cal Jr. memorized the roster and idolized the players. His favorite was Doug De-

scared I'd be in the way. Dad finally talked me into it." And Cal Jr. put on a show. "He was 15," says Weaver, "and he was hitting them into the concrete seats." "I always could hit my father," says Cal Jr.

In his senior year at Aberdeen High—in Md., that is—Cal Jr. was 7-2 with an 0.70 ERA and 100 strikeouts in 60 innings. He was also a shortstop and batted—he's a righthander all the way—.492 with 29 RBIs in 20 games. The Orioles drafted him in the second round. "At first, I didn't want to play for the Orioles because I thought there might be a conflict with my father in the organization," says Cal Jr. "But then I realized that I'd always wanted to be an Oriole."

In rookie ball, he ran into a few snide comments about nepotism, but in Miami the next year, he hit .303 and put such charges to rest. In the meantime, he was growing another two inches. In 1980 he hit 25 home runs with 78 RBIs for Double A Charlotte, and last year, before being called up on Aug. 8, he had 23 homers and 75 RBIs for Triple A Rochester. He batted only .128 in 23 games, mostly at shortstop, for Baltimore, but he has been customarily a slow starter. This winter he led the Puerto Rican League with 49 RBIs—he had 40 before anyone else had 20—and batted .314.

The Orioles had enough faith in Cal to trade DeCinces to California for outfielder Dan Ford over the winter, and third base is his to keep or lose. "He's the kind of kid you want coming out of your organization every three or four years," says Orioles Pitching Coach Ray Miller, Cal's manager in Puerto Rico the last two years. "He's very intelligent, too, like a young Singleton. He's a low-key guy whose voice doesn't carry, unlike his father, but he'll make people notice him. I just wish he were my kid."

As for the father, well, Cal Sr. is downplaying the father and son stuff. "People don't understand how I can be a coach and a father at the same time," he says. "Why can't I? Hey, Eddie Murray is my son, Rich Dauer is my son. I have lots of sons."

Singleton, who, by the way, still cherishes his Tito Francona baseball card, says, "See what happens when you play pitch and catch with your son? My dad would throw with me when he was tired, and I'll do the same for my sons. They're five and three." In about 18 years, look for the name Singleton.



Aponte (above), 27, saved 16 and won seven for Pawtucket and did well in a brief tour with Boston. Sax, 22, is making the big leap from Double A where he hit .346.

Cinces, whom he now replaces at third base. Cal Jr. says, "I guess I was 12, and this was in Asheville. Doug would play catch and pepper with me. He taught me how to take a ground ball." One evening DeCinces and Cal were playing pepper just before the game. They were the only people on the field. Somebody fired a gun from behind the fence in centerfield, and a bullet hit the ground near Cal. "Doug picked me up in his arms and carried me into the dugout," says Cal, "but it happened so quickly I didn't have time to feel scared." That is known in baseball parlance as a save.

In 1976 Cal Sr. joined the Orioles' coaching staff, and invited Cal Jr. to come out to Memorial Stadium. "I didn't want to go," says Cal Jr. "I was always





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The first blossoms begin an annual rite of passage for turkey hunters

A Waiting That Is Worth Awaiting

by T.J. KELLY JR.

In those dim and distant days when I was young, there was a firm conviction, widely held by the likes of schoolteachers and fundamentalist preachers, that all of God's creations had been put on earth for a purpose.

I managed to make it all the way through boyhood without getting uptight about this, and I'm even more relaxed about it now because it has always been sliced a little too thick for me to swallow. Nobody was ever able to convince me then that things like rattlesnakes and

deer flies and poison ivy and black widow spiders were a necessary and intrinsic part of the ecological system. Nobody can do it now.

The eastern half of the U.S. seems to muddle through somehow without the wood bison. Ireland, Chile and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan appear to be making out pretty well with no poisonous snakes. And I haven't noticed the ecological balance of my own Baldwin County, Ala. going to hell in a handbasket because nobody has found a Bartram's evening primrose in 25 years.

I'm not, as you're probably thinking, an utter barbarian. I do not lie awake at night thinking up new reasons to hate the red-cockaded woodpecker. I'm not a member of an organization dedicated to the extermination of the whooping crane. I do have a mild interest in the welfare of the green pitcher plant and the red hills salamander—though I've never seen either—but I'm afraid that I do believe that there are individual species now listed among the world's flora and fauna that are inevitably going to go

away as the world changes. And I'm also afraid that I think nobody is going to miss them all that much after they go.

There's a species of alder common along the upper Atlantic coastal plain all the way from Alabama to Nova Scotia that, except for one thing, falls into this very category. It's commonly called tag alder. *Seeds of Woody Plants in the United States* (Agriculture Handbook No. 450) calls it *serrulata*; George Small lists it as *rugosa* in *Manual of the South-eastern Flora*. You can take your pick,

continued

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except you ought to hang a little loose when you deal with Small. I get paid for calculating the size of wood lots, and I know something about trees. I feel that any man who will take white pine out of its family—as Small has done—create a new family, a new genus in that family, a new species in the genus and list himself as the sole authority for the reclassification bears careful watching.

Tag alder or whatever you want to call it is nothing but a face among the crowd. The wood is weak; the seed is tiny. If you find a tree of the same diameter as your wrist you have discovered a monster, and nobody has ever written a poem on the beauty of the alder blossom. In fact, I suspect that the first 35 or 40 people you might stop on the street wouldn't even be aware that it blossoms. But it does, and it's this blooming that is its single noteworthy characteristic.

In Alabama, it blooms first among all the deciduous trees, and it signals the beginning of the waiting.

I recognize as clearly as anybody my inferior status when it comes to discussing the matter of winters. That ought to be the province of residents of Maine or Montana. A native of the Gulf Coast is far better off if he refrains from comment on the subject altogether. We have a winter here, but it's of such inferior quality that it's embarrassing. Last year I asked a friend down from Minnesota what he thought of it and he said he couldn't comment—said he hadn't noticed. Thin and poor as it is, however, it does exist and the first week in February signals its ending. The first week in February is when you see the alder catkins.

The catkins are a pale, indeterminate green, hang down from the branch tips for an inch and a half to two inches and turn to a cinnamon brown in about 10 days. The pollen as it is shaken from them is the brightest yellow imaginable, almost a chrome yellow. I have cut a limb or two to take in and show somebody—nobody but me ever seems to notice the blossoms—and the warmth inside the car opens up the catkins and the backseat will look as if it has been dusted with sulfur by the time I get home.

Ten days after the blooming of the alder comes the flowering of the red maple; almost simultaneously with the maple comes the elm—you never realize how much elm there is until it blooms in

the spring. Next the willow leaves usually appear. Then everything else comes so fast you can't keep up with the sequence, and the phone calls start.

I expect a man could get a doctorate in philosophy on the content of the phone calls during the four weeks which precede March 20. The calls start coming in slowly, almost tentatively, and in the beginning invariably evade the real subject. There's nothing unusual about this, because regardless of our actual intent it's extremely rare for anyone in our society to go directly to the point.

Politicians, home from the capital on fence-mending trips, never start the discussion by damning those rascals in the other party. They ask, rather, about your family. They express a deep concern over the health and fatness of your cows. Two people, who hope to become lovers, don't begin their relationship with

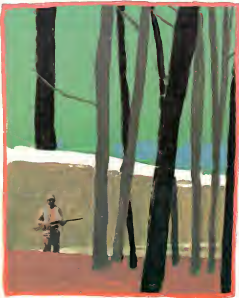
conversations about the color of bed sheets—they discuss poetry.

Cultivated turkey hunters, reestablishing telephonic intelligence channels at the beginning of the waiting, never begin with an immediate discussion of turkeys. They're far too subtle. They wander down attractive bypaths. They talk around the point.

A normal and perfectly acceptable opening gambit is the Alabama River. The newspapers here publish river information on the weather page at least every other day. The information is a day old by the time it appears but it's still serviceable. It gives the river stage, which is the flood point; the gauge, which is the depth at the time in feet; the change from the previous day, and the precipitation. It's important information because the river swamp is so flat. When it's two feet above flood stage, the Alabama covers

continued

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As the season continues, earlier sunrises take their toll on the hunter.

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PERFORMANCE ABOVE ALL

hundreds of acres. At four feet above flood it covers thousands. Even people who don't hunt along the Alabama enter into the discussion. A late river—when the rise comes after the turkeys have nested—floods that part of the clutch already laid and the nests must be abandoned and restarted.

All of these things, if a man has his heart in them, can be the subject of endless conversations. All of them are.

A turkey hunter's heart almost has to be in such discussions because he has very little choice. He cannot fill in any of the waiting with things like the care and cleaning of equipment. He can't because he doesn't use any equipment.

Fishermen have it easy during the period when they must wait for spring. It's entirely possible to spend three evenings cleaning out tackle boxes. If you resharpen all the hooks on the lures and oil the reels, you can spend a week. If you tie your own flies you can spend the winter. Duck hunters can busy themselves with decoys and their weights, as well as anchors, boats, motors, sacks, rigging; a duck hunter is very nearly a supply sergeant with a shotgun.

A turkey hunter has no such advantages. He can strip down his shotgun and oil it, but he did that when the fall season ended and he knows it cannot have gotten dirty in the case. He can open his aspirin box and look at his yelper, and put it back, and decide to get a new aspirin box for the spring. Hardly an evening's work. He can oil his boots; he can go look in the closet to make sure the shirt and pants he hunts in are on the proper hanger; he can open the shell box and see if the half-dozen shells he will carry through the season are still in there. And then he runs out. There's nothing left for him to do.

There's no point in sharpening his pocketknife; it's too early. If he has hunted for any length of time there's no point at all in practicing up on his yelping. After 15 or 20 years his yelping will have attained whatever level of competence God intended it to have and settled there. Practicing yelping is about like practicing charm or inspirational le-

ship. Either you got it or you ain't, and you can't fake it.

A turkey hunter is engaged in a pursuit that is almost wholly intellectual, and wholly intellectual exercises are very difficult to study for. He could, I suppose, do calculus or word problems, or compose sonnets, or work the Sunday acoustic puzzle in *The New York Times*, but I don't know anybody who does these things. Most of us just talk. Most of us compensate with the telephone.

As the waiting goes into the final two-week period, there comes a division in the ranks, a schism in the faith, as it



Alder catkins signal the start of the phone calls.

were. The broad categories of those who scout and those who don't part company at this point and don't rejoin forces until the season opens.

I belong to the group that doesn't scout for a variety of reasons. Turkeys aren't like pine trees. Just because you have found them in one place on March 10 is no guarantee that you'll find them there again on March 20. There's some value in walking through an area you haven't seen before and looking at new terrain. But I've spent so much time in the places I hunt most regularly that scouting them would serve no purpose. I'm often invited to hunt in other areas. I value the invitations and almost invariably accept, but it would be socially unacceptable to ask a man if I could scout

his land for two weeks before the season opens just so I would be familiar with his ground in case he invited me to hunt it. Besides being presumptuous, it would very likely cut down on the number of invitations.

Scouting takes a heck of a lot of time, has a limited value at best and has the principal disadvantage of lengthening the season. The very last thing any of us needs is a longer spring season.

For years and years the turkey season in Alabama began on March 20 and ended on April 15. Until I was nearly 40, I lived and worked in places where it was perfectly possible to hunt every morning and, unless dreadful weather or interfering corporate visitors precluded it, most afternoons. I, therefore, hunted turkeys nearly every day.

The first year the state extended the season to April 20, I was shocked. I went hunting every one of the extra five days, naturally, but it was an endurance contest. And when, three or four years later, the state extended it again, to April 25, my shock turned to dismay. I understood for the first time the comment I'd heard from a hickhiker, some years before, whom I'd picked up near the Barnett Cross Roads in Escambia County. I knew the man slightly, was on my way to visit a logging crew and stopped to give him a lift. After we had covered the weather and his crops and the recent election, I asked, simply to be polite, where he was going.

He answered, "I'm going to Brewton to get drunk, and God, I dread it."

I am no longer 40, though I wish I was, and I still weigh the same as I did at 20 (you can't put weight on scrub crows), but the season still lasts till April 25. I couldn't go every day now even if I clipped coupons for a living, but I go often enough. To tack an additional 10 days of scouting on the front end of the season would be simply more than flesh and blood could bear.

Turkey hunting may be an intellectual exercise but it's not an exercise conducted from your armchair. It's conducted in the woods, at distances varying from an hour to an hour and a half by car and on

continued

11:23 P.M.

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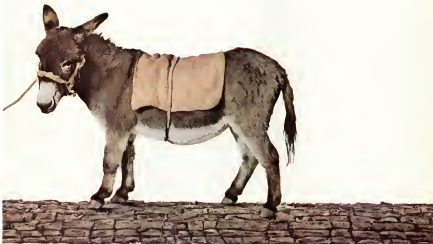


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foot from the house, and you have to complete the drive and do the walking into the woods in the black dark. It's absolutely mandatory that at daylight you be at the point from which you intend to listen.

Daylight hereabout comes at five minutes to six on opening day. It comes earlier and earlier as the season runs its course, and by April 25 it's daylight at 10 minutes to five. Unless you retire from the human race it's nearly impossible to get to bed much before 11. The circle thus closes and you get less and less sleep as you grow progressively more worn out. If you take a day off your conscience troubles you so badly that you can't sleep anyway. Nobody needs to lengthen such a period by 10 days if he doesn't have to.

About March 10 or thereabout it becomes proper to discuss turkeys openly for the first time, and during these last 10 days the conversations concern themselves largely with the size of the hatch.

The sports pages of the local newspapers publish reports from unpaid correspondents who issue learned opinions on population levels in their various counties. These pontifications are a splendid example of the blind leading the blind.

A man who runs a hardware store may very properly be consulted on the price of hammers. The fact that he lives closer to the woods than I do doesn't make his opinion on turkeys any more valuable than mine—especially if he spends no more time out of his hardware store than I do out of my office. An individual working in the woods is a horse of another color. Loggers, timber cruisers and tugboat captains working on the river can have valid comments to make. They work among turkeys; they set turkeys from time to time; and their sphere of operation is out there where the action is.

Newspapers, for some reason, never talk to timber cruisers. Barbers, sporting-goods store owners, druggists and village ne'er-do-wells are the authorities commonly quoted as expert witnesses on the coming season, and these constitute a very frail reed indeed on which to lean.

Some of the scouting fraternity would have useful intelligence to bring to light if they chose, but they all become secretive and evasive at this time and I can't



Expectancy grows when willow leaves show.

say I blame them. If I were getting up every morning and driving to the woods before daylight to listen for early gobbling and then staying out there till 9:30 a.m., looking for turkey tracks, I would be damned if I would pass this information on to newspaper reporters so they could print the results of my efforts for every lazy ribbon clerk in the state to take advantage of. In such matters nice guys not only finish last, but they also end up eating turkeys bought across the meat counter of the A&P.

It helps to take an afternoon or two to look at roads. I do this in conjunction with normal visits conducted for other purposes, and I do it simply to fix some time and distance factors in my mind. You can walk a mile in 15 minutes if you lean on it and are on a level road and it's daylight. In the dark, through mudholes, while carrying a shotgun, your time suffers. There are always three or four places you do well to go look at, to see how far into the woods you can drive, so that you can calculate the walking times beforehand. Walking time, added to driving time, coffee time and poking-around time, fixes the hour you set on the alarm clock the night before.

When you get more than 60 inches of rain a year, like we do, on a generally sandy soil, waist-deep gullies can appear in what were perfectly decent logging roads the year before. Not knowing these conditions before the fact can turn the walk from the car into a quarter-mile

dish with shotgun, an athletic event I would just as soon not enter.

The waiting never seems to end in a crescendo of activity. It just drifts away, collapses inward upon itself, and expires. During the last two or three days even the telephone grows quiet. There may be a call or two wanting to know if the locks have been changed on such and such a gate or if the water is over the road in such and such a section, but little else. Even the non-scouters have come to some conclusion or other by now and have made up their minds as to where they want to go. The decision may be based upon good data or bad, upon carefully reasoned decision or caprice, but it's set. Nearly everybody stands mute.

It never seems to me that the drive to the woods on the first morning is part of the season. I consider it to be the last part of the waiting. I go out of the house with my mind left carefully blank. It's my purpose to leave reason and logic at home and operate on a combination of instinct, visceral reaction and voodoo superstition. I will have an idea of the broad location in which I will hunt, but I will faithfully avoid anything specific till I get there.

Something inside my head will pick a ridge for me. Something will tell me how far to walk and what tree to stop under. I will halt, for no good reason, at the particular spot and wait. I will wait and listen there because it feels right.

The owl won't count. Owls hoot all night long just for the hell of it anyway and cannot be depended on. The very early cheeps and peeps made by unknown warblers won't count either, nor will the harsh croaking of the thrashers just before daylight. The waiting ends with the call of the first cardinal.

The first cardinal means that daylight is finally coming. The first cardinal means that the waiting, which began six weeks before with the appearance of the first alder catkin, is ended.

With the sound of that first cardinal I am no longer in a state of anticipation—I am in a state of being.

I have lived to see it happen, one more time.

I can now devote myself to the business before me



SARAJEVO NOTEBOOK:

Our plane lands at night—a disconcertingly mild February night—and there's hardly any snow to be seen. And no sign of mountains. And the city, ancient Sarajevo, capital of the Yugoslavian republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, seems about as exotic as Fort Wayne. All around are high-rise apartments and lots of auto traffic. The muck of pollution, which contains more than a hint of garlic, oblit-

Yugoslav papers and lived for years in Canada. He's the epitome of Balkan boosterism, as he speaks in an exuberant shout: "Hallo! Oho! You are here! Welcome! How do you like my blazer? I have bought it in Los Angeles used for \$12. It doesn't look that inexpensive, does it? I think not." Certainly not. Pavle wears the \$12 blazer every day that we are in Sarajevo. It's a nice fit. Perhaps it was once owned by Peter Lorre.

History's New Imprint

At last, Sarajevo, site of the next Winter Olympics, will be known for something besides a 1914 murder

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

erases the stars. This place will be the site of the 1984 Winter Olympics.

Outside the airport a smiling man separates himself from the unsmiling throng. He's wearing a black blazer and a fur cap. He is short, round as a rubber ball and almost as bouncy. He offers us hail-fellow handshakes that are as meaty as those of any Indiana Rotarian. This is Pavle Lukac, 52, press chief of the Sarajevo Olympics and a longtime political journalist who has covered the U.N. for



Lukšić is relentless in his optimism. "All is on schedule, all is O.K.," he says. "There's plenty of snow in the mountains, beautiful cold snow. All of our facilities are well under way. They will be finished before 1982 is over. I guarantee it. You will see by daylight."

An Olympics in Sarajevo? Some feel there's reason for doubt. Just before we left for Yugoslavia, a Viennese journalist told us with an imperious curl of the lip, "They are Balkan. They will never put it together. They can organize nothing. Their greatest moment in history came about only through the acts of fops and fools."

Well, the history of Sarajevo runs back some 40 centuries, and its bustling old town is alive with vestiges of the diverse civilizations—from the ancient Illyrians to medieval Turks to the 19th century grandeur of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to the jackbooted brutalities of Nazi Germany to the socialism of Josip Broz Tito. Yet, despite the comings and goings of all the above, Sarajevo's single most notable moment occurred on June 28, 1914—St. Vitus Day—when an assassin killed Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife and ignited World War I.

Sarajevo is quite happy to take credit where credit is due, mainly because the locals consider the assassinations to have been a patriotic act. On the street corner from which the gunman fired, one can place his feet in shoe prints embedded in the sidewalk concrete precisely where the killer stood—just as one might stand in the footprints of Tyrone Power or Myrna Loy at Mama's (formerly Grauman's) Chinese Theater in Hollywood. The bridge across the street from the spot where the gunman fired is named after the assassin, Gavrilo Princip, and there's a plaque nearby that describes the killer as an "initiator of liberty."

Initiator of liberty? Well, what about the fops and fools mentioned by the scornful Viennese? How one describes Princip and his comrades, it seems, depends on one's point of view. But one thing is sure: It's impossible to fully appreciate
continued

To the left of the Princip Bridge is the historic corner where the assassin stood (see footprints) and then fired at the archduke.



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precisate Sarajevo—then or now—without knowing at least the bare outline of that bizarre act.

Princip, a frail, neurotic, 19-year-old student, was one of seven conspirators, Serbian nationalists who were opposed to the Austro-Hungarian rule, scattered along the route to be followed by the archduke's 1910 Graf and Stift, a huge, open touring car. They were muzzy youngsters, armed with bombs, revolvers and vials of cyanide with which to commit suicide if captured. The car rolled past the first and the second would-be assassin. Not a shot was fired, not a bomb thrown. The third heaved his bomb. It flew high and wide, missing the

Incredibly, Franz Ferdinand and his wife got back in the car, although the military governor decreed that, as a precaution, the motorcade would deviate from the announced route by going straight along the Miljacka river instead of making a turn opposite a certain bridge.

While these decisions were being made, Princip, baffled and unhappy, hung around a smoke-filled coffee house and then wandered back onto the street at precisely the moment that the archduke's car again approached the soon-to-be-fateful street corner across from the soon-to-be-renamed bridge. Princip still had his revolver and he pulled it out. He was a poor shot, and had the archduke's auto continued past Princip, his bullet would almost surely have missed. However, there was confusion in the motorcade. The driver of the car ahead of the archduke's hadn't been informed of the change in the route and he turned when he should have continued along the Appel Quay. Puzzled, the archducal chauffeur braked and brought the big touring car to a stop, directly before Princip.

Planting his feet as we see them today, the assassin took aim, fired and hit the archduke in the jugular and his wife in the abdomen.

"We have been known for Franz Ferdinand for many years," says Lukac, "but now we'll be known for the Olympic Games. That's quite different, hey?" He then lowers his voice. "Of course, Franz Ferdinand won't be forgotten. You can see that 1984 is the

70th anniversary of the assassination. We will not let it pass without notice. It will be wrapped in with the Olympic festivities. We could never ignore it."

By daylight we embark on a tour of the Olympic sites. The sky is blue, and through the brownish smog that lies over the city, we can see the looming splendor of the Dinaric Alps, snow covered and cold as promised. We drive high above town to the dazzling steeps of Jahorina, where some of the ski races will be held and to Trebevic where the bobsled and luge run are being built. It's biting cold and the bob-luge workmen swig deeply

from bottles of crystal-clear slivovitz.

Sarajevo is a hard-driving, thriving industrial metropolis of 450,000 people, its outskirts filled with cranes and partly completed buildings. The newer sections are raw and unattractive, yet there's none of the bleak and oppressive mood of some other cities of socialist Eastern Europe. Sarajevo seems buoyant, almost jaunty, particularly in the narrow cobbled streets of the old town.

Sarajevo's 50,000-seat soccer stadium has already been renovated for the Olympics, the main ice skating arena is rising steadily from a sea of mud, and excavation for the speed skating venue has begun. The impression is of inexorable, unstoppable progress. Plainly, the cynical Slavophobe in Vienna was wrong.

We visit the brand-new Serbia Hotel in Ilidza, just outside Sarajevo, where 30 executives of ABC-TV (which bought the U.S. TV rights to the '84 Winter Games for \$91.5 million) have gathered for seminars with Yugoslav and other European television folk. Marvin Bader, vice-president for Olympic Operations at ABC, is certifiably one of the planet's most knowledgeable experts on staging an Olympics. Sarajevo will be his seventh Games, and Bader's opinion of the Yugoslav operation is one of utter admiration. "This is as squared-away a group as I've ever dealt with," he says.

An ABC producer rushes up to ask if anyone knows which players the New York Mets have traded the day before to Cincinnati for George Foster. We say no, and he turns away disappointedly until a fellow ABC man pipes up loudly with the names—Alex Treviño, Greg Harris and Jim Kern. Asked how he obtained this information in Bosnia-Herzegovina, he says with a casual shrug, "I called SportsPhone in New York."

There has been almost as little news about the '84 Olympics going out of Sarajevo as there have been reports about the Mets coming in. However, one story that got some play in the West dealt with—shades of Lake Placid!—a transportation foul-up. It occurred in December when a group of International Olympic Committee delegates, including IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch, were due in Sarajevo to inspect the facilities. Samaranch & Co. were supposed to fly directly from Zurich to Sarajevo but were forced to land in Belgrade because of fierce winds. As Lukac explains it,

continued



This one run will be used for both bobsled and luge.

archduke by a large margin before it exploded, wounding a passenger in the car behind the archduke's. The sound of the bomb blast led Princip and three other conspirators further down the street to believe that the archduke had had it. They relaxed and then gaped in disbelief as the Graf und Stift sped past them with Franz Ferdinand sitting in back, alive and well and angry as hell about the bomb.

The motorcade proceeded to the town hall where the archduke made a speech and debated with the military governor of the province whether it was safe to continue his drive through the streets.



How to pick a pocket.

To prove a point, we stitched together half a pair of the best-selling jeans and half a pair of JCPenney Plain Pockets.

The point is, both feel great, fit great. They even look alike.

Till you look at the pockets. The best sellers have a little extra stitching. And that can cost you extra.

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There's only one
low 'tar' with
a sensation
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taste that outplays
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Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings,
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"We are on a valley floor between high mountains, so we are closed in like a kettle. Sometimes high winds whirl around the kettle, sometimes thick fog drops down. We do have problems at the airport, yes we do."

A couple of hours after arriving in Belgrade, roughly half of the IOC party, including Samaranch, was loaded aboard another plane that flew into Sarajevo with no trouble. The rest of the committee members were taken to a cold and rattily night train—no food, no sleeping compartments, no effective heating system. Eleven hours later, blue-lipped with cold, that group arrived in Sarajevo. Samaranch said crankily at a press conference, "We were in trouble getting to Sarajevo this week and we understand it frequently happens that way. We have to think of the problem that would arise if the airport were closed by bad weather during the Games."

Contingency plans for the Olympics have been made to use airports in Mostar, 80 miles away, and Belgrade, 220 miles away, and to connect those cities to Sarajevo with good, fast trains—"full of color TV and excellent food," says Lukač—should the Sarajevo airport be closed. Lukač points out that the day the IOC delegation had its unpleasant trip was a dire one for the Yugoslav airline. "We had just got word that a Yugoslav charter had crashed off Corsica with 178 aboard," he says. "Our system was in emergency. It was a terrible coincidence. Any other time, without that accident, we would've had no problem."

Ahmed Karabegović, 47, the secretary general of the Sarajevo Olympic Organizing Committee, is a far cry from the image of your average Eastern European sports official. Karabegović is slim and graceful and as sleekly barbered as Pete Rozelle. He's elegantly garbed in a brown velvet suit with flared trousers. We gather in his carpeted office and seat ourselves on modish overstuffed furniture covered in shades of beige and brown (very similar to Rozelle's office furniture), and we speak by means of the translations of a young woman from Sarajevo who graduated from high school in Chicago.

We ask if the citizens of Sarajevo are pleased with the Olympics. Karabegović issues a beaming I'm-



Karabegović: a Rozelle resemblance?

very-pleased-you-asked-that smile and says that last December a special referendum was held in which Sarajevans voted on whether to give a percentage of their salaries—"a self-contribution" of 2% over four years—to underwrite part of the cost of the Games. No less than 89% of eligible voters turned out, says Karabegović, and of them 96% voted yes. "It's one thing to talk in favor of something," he says, "but it is quite different to actually give money out of your pocket."

The overall cost of the Sarajevo Olympics will be close to \$170 million. Roughly \$60 million will come from Yugoslav government sources—about one-third from the city of Sarajevo, one-third from the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina and one-third from the other republics that make up Yugoslavia. There have been rumors that politicians from the other republics had balked at putting up funds for Games that would mainly benefit Sarajevo and Bosnia. Karabegović replies easily that the leaders of other republics

hadn't questioned if they should contribute funds to the Olympics, but which funds should be earmarked.

Karabegović says that the \$110 million needed to fill out the Olympic budget will come from TV rights money (two-thirds of ABC's \$91.5 million goes to the Sarajevo committee, one-third to the IOC) and from various marketing and merchandising deals made with corporations from Western Europe, Japan and the U.S. But how is it that a socialist nation is so ready to join hands with the forces of capitalism? "Where the Olympics is concerned," Karabegović says gently, "the most important element is business. As you know, sports are meant to be liberated from all political influence. So we have no problem with doing Olympic business with corporations. The symbol of the Games is important to corporations. They want the Olympic symbol on their products and they are happy to pay for that. And we are happy to accept those payments."

What, if any, obstacles does the Sarajevo group expect? Karabegović pauses and then smiles and says, "We learned much about problems in Lake Placid. I felt sorry for the people of Lake Placid. I learned from them, however. I was in a bus with many IOC dignitaries on the way to the opening ceremony. The bus couldn't go on its intended route. I and others left the bus and ran on foot to the stadium. It was a good lesson. Things are much more complex in a city like Sarajevo. There are rush hours and heavier traffic. But we are optimistic that Lake Placid won't be repeated here."

Lukač inspects an Olympic venue in his \$12 blazer.



Unlike the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, the Sarajevo Olympics are by no means in the hands of amateurs. No, the 1984 Winter Games seem—for now, at least—to be under the direction of determined professionals.

Lukač pulls himself up, and says, "Because the 1988 Olympics are to be in Korea and in Canada and the Summer Games of 1984 in Los Angeles, our Games will be the last in Europe for the next decade. We want to prove that Sarajevo is the best. We need tourism. We are a poor country. We take this very gravely, a matter almost of life and death, you might say."

In short, the kind of occasion Sarajevo thrives on. **END.**



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Plymouth has gone a long way toward taking the "shock" out of the sticker price. The sensible prices in the chart represent real value. In fact, for 1982, the base model Reliant K coupe and Horizon

Miser are at their 1981 base sticker prices. Getting your moneysworth challenges holding on to your aging car.

MODEL	Prices Start at*	Prices as shown**
Reliant K Base Coupe	\$5990	\$7478
Horizon Miser	\$5499	\$5639
Turismo 2.2	\$7345	\$7345
Reliant K Wagon	\$7334	\$8658

*Sticker prices. Excludes taxes and destination charges extra.
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Front-wheel-drive is a fundamental part of advanced technology that most cars of the 1970's and earlier lack. A 1982 front-wheel-drive Plymouth, with the engine pulling in front and rack-and-pinion steering, has a true feel of the road. Cornering and traction on wet surfaces are secure. Getting your moneysworth is evident whenever you drive.

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Perhaps you're getting ten, twelve MPG. The kind of mileage a 1982 front-wheel-drive Plymouth is engineered to achieve can be a revelation to your budget.

For instance, what a refreshing change it would be to drive the 6-passenger wagon that goes farther on a gallon of gas than any other in America: The Reliant K. When you look at the mileage figures for any front-wheel-drive Plymouth, you know you're getting your moneysworth.

* Use EPA 82 MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. California estimates for Reliant K and Turismo 2.2: 26-34 city, 32-41 hwy. EPA est. mpg.

Plymouth gives you two new ways to get your moneysworth.

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TRACK & FIELD

by Craig Neff

Sprinters can be full of surprises. For example, before the 60-yard-dash final at last Saturday's NCAA indoor track and field championships, Georgia sophomore Herschel Walker, whose legs are so heavily slabbed with muscle that he must walk in a rigid swagger, reached down, grabbed his left foot and gracefully lifted it clear to the peak of his forehead. And nothing snapped or tore. Then Walker crouched into his starting blocks to race Houston sophomore Stanley Floyd, a man of similar if scaled-down physique. Certainly, it seemed, these were the two runners to watch Floyd, the world-record holder in the 60, hadn't lost an indoor race all year, and earlier on Saturday he and Walker had turned in the best qualifying times: 6.13



Richardson's No. 1 bit may have cost him the world record, but not a win in the 60.

Doing a number in Pontiac

UTEP was No. 1 for the fourth straight time in the NCAA indoor meet

for Floyd, 6.14 for Walker, a personal best.

But in the lane between them was a lither figure, sophomore Rod Richardson of Texas A&M, who had qualified third-fastest. At the gun it was Richardson who jumped out to a one-yard lead. "The best start of my life," said Richardson, who had decided to "try moving my butt back a little" in the starting blocks. To the shock of 14,107 fans in the Silverdome, Floyd was unable to gain on him, and Walker kept losing ground. "I was kind of expecting to see Stanley fly by me, myself," said Richardson later. Floyd never did. No one did. Well before the finish line, Richardson gave the No. 1 sign, and he was still holding his index finger aloft as he crashed into the padded wall at the end of the runway. "That finger thing might have cost me a few hundredths at the end," Richardson said, acutely aware that his time of 6.07, while a meet record, had missed Floyd's

world mark by a mere .03. "I just had to showboat a little," he said. "I had to let people know who I am."

Richardson, as it turned out, wasn't the only unfamiliar winner. Just six of 15 individual champions returned from the 1981 meet, and two of those failed to repeat. The most notable exception was 29-year-old Texas-El Paso senior Suleiman Nyambui of Tanzania, whose victories in the mile and two-mile gave him an astounding 12 career NCAA titles—no one else has more than eight—and his third such indoor double in four years.

Otherwise, there was a different look to the championships, including a new 10-laps-to-the-mile track and, after 17 years in downtown Detroit, a new site some 35 miles away in Pontiac, Mich. Even the traditional Texas-El Paso team victory, the Miners' sixth in eight years, wasn't quite the same: UTEP won the title this year without Coach Ted Banks, who had guided the school to 16 NCAA

track and cross-country championships out of a possible 24 since 1974. Banks resigned last month in the face of cuts in the track budget and took a promotional job with Converse. "It's like replacing John Wooden," said interim Coach John Wedel, Banks's former assistant, who nevertheless managed to get 67 points out of his team (runner-up Arkansas scored 30). "Coach Banks still with us in the mind," said Nyambui. "He still coach us. He still love us."

While Nyambui was warming up for the mile, his first race, Richardson was enjoying his new fame, signing autographs—"Rocket Rod, 6.07"—at trackside. "I want to take it while it's here," he said softly. Richardson is an articulate young man, an aspiring banker who has seen extremes of success and adversity. His mother died of tuberculosis when he was one, and he was reared by his grandmother in Shreveport, La. A 24' 4" long jumper as a sophomore in high school, he had to give up that event because of the serious muscle pulls it caused him. As a senior tailback, he was named to an All-South high school football team that

continued

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included Walker. "But I got beat up playing in high school," the 5'9", 165-pound Richardson says. "By the time I got to college, my body couldn't take football anymore." He missed last year's NCAA indoor meet because of a quadriceps pull, and after he won last month's Southwest Conference 60-yard title, "all I heard was that it was a fluke," he says. "Perhaps I have now proved otherwise." To Richardson's dismay, a meet official soon shoed the Rocket's admirers back into the stands for the start of the mile. "Well, I'm only a sophomore," said Richardson. "Maybe I'll be back for more."

Nyambui was pleased when the mile went out slowly. "I was hoping for rest," he said later. Ross Donoghue, a Villanova junior, took the race through the half in 2:05.5, with the Tanzanian right behind him, and through three-quarters in 3:03.0. As the gun lap began, Nyambui moved up high on the track and tried to shoot past Donoghue. Donoghue wouldn't yield. Down the backstretch they dualed, with Nyambui never quite pulling even. Finally, off the last turn, Nyambui surged forward, inexorably overhauling Donoghue in the last 15 yards, finishing in 4:00.65 to Donoghue's 4:00.74. "The two-mile will be easier," Nyambui said with a wide grin. His mile victory had made him the first four-time winner of an event in the history of the indoor championships.

Until the meet in Pontiac, Nyambui's final collegiate indoor season had been disappointing. He had lost more often than he had won, principally because he came into the season out of shape. An Achilles' injury limited his training during November and December to an hour of swimming each day. "I would go at 6 a.m. to the university pool or to a club, where I would pay my cents for the pool privilege," he says. "It is a harder sport than to run." To buoy his spirits, he expanded his work with children. Formerly a primary school teacher in his hometown of Mwanza, he frequently speaks and gives sports clinics these days at schools in the El Paso area. "Kids, they are tomorrow," he says. "I love them. I encourage them in sports, because they are the only future."

Nyambui's selfless encouragement extends to his teammates as well. Four weeks ago, for instance, in the championship mile at the WAC meet in Pocatello, Idaho, he took it upon himself to pace

a UTEP freshman from Kenya who was trying to meet the NCAA qualifying standard in the mile. It cost Nyambui a conference title as Ibrahim Hussein of New Mexico blew by Nyambui and his countryman at the tape. "Never measure Suleiman by a number of track championships," says Wedel. "As a person he is much more."

On his way to the stands to rest for the two-mile, Nyambui ran into an old friend, Don Paige, now an assistant track coach at Villanova (the Wildcats would finish third in the team championships with 28 points) as well as one of the world's best middle-distance runners. Nyambui greeted Paige with one of his deep, wide-mouthed laughs and said, "You train your kids very nicely, Dom," and the occasional rivals showed each other playfully.

The pushing and elbowing going on between Indiana sophomore Sunder Nix and Houston freshman Anthony Ketchum, on the other hand, was serious. They were battling in the second of two sections of the 440 final, trying to beat one another and also the 48.09 run by Bert Cameron of UTEP in the first section. Ketchum took the lead at the start and held it to the end, but the duel was so fierce that he and Nix literally locked elbows in the final stretch, causing Ketchum to fall flat on his face at the tape. "It's not a bad way to finish, if you win," he said. His time of 47.47 wasn't bad, either.

Ketchum was one of the most heavily recruited high school athletes in the nation last year, when he ran a 45.5 400 and made the U.S. World Cup team in the 4 x 100 relay. Houston offered him both football and track scholarships—he was an alternate at wide receiver in the North-South high school all-star game as a senior—but he decided to eschew football until after the 1984 Olympics, by which time he hopes to be larger than his present 5'7" and 148 pounds. Winning a national title wasn't Ketchum's only thrill last week; he also received a plaque

commemorating March 10, 1982 as "Anthony Ketchum Day" in the town of Needville, Texas, where he grew up. "Needville isn't very big," he said. "It has maybe 1,024 people," 11 of them being Ketchum's brothers and sisters. "Anyway," he said, "I thought the award was very touching."

Nyambui had had nearly 90 minutes' rest for the two-mile, which was more than adequate. He sprinted away from Auburn's Chris Fox on the final lap to win by nearly four seconds, in 8:38.91. He then slipped into an orange T shirt



Nyambui was No. 1 in the mile (above) and the two-mile.

that paid dual homage to Banks. On the front it read TEXAS-EL PASO NATIONAL CHAMPIONS, on the back don't be a xenophobe. All 67 of the Miners' points had been scored by foreign-born athletes whom Banks had recruited.

Richardson, meanwhile, was proudly displaying his bronze-and-wood championship plaque to a friend. "See that?" asked Rocket Rod, pointing to the engraving. "It says CHAMPION, and it won't ever change. They can't take that away from you. It's special. You don't stand on this hill all the time. Not for too long, no sir." You don't, that is, unless you're from UTEP.

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A man with dark hair, smiling, is wearing a red polo shirt. He is holding two tennis rackets. The racket in his right hand is a Wilson Galaxy, and the one in his left is a Wilson Cobra. The background is a solid, vibrant red.

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CHIEFS

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At "guts time" Ray Williams has the ball.

Last Friday afternoon in Madison Square Garden, the last-place New York Knicks unveiled their third backcourt savior of the year, Paul Westphal. After a workout, Westphal said he just wanted to be one of the guys. But the empty seats in the Garden, which hasn't been filled to capacity this season, and the anxious eyes of the Knicks' top brass told of greater expectations.

A bit earlier, just six miles to the west, the new Jersey Nets, winners of six of their last seven games, were working out in preparation for perhaps the biggest game of their so-called "new era," against the Boston Celtics that night. A record crowd was expected in the gorgeous new Brendan Byrne Arena. Leading the way for the Nets would be

by Anthony Cotton

a Knicks castoff, Guard Ray Williams.

Neither team—Nets or Knicks—was ready to challenge for NBA supremacy, but the Nets had moved well ahead of their metropolitan brethren in the Atlantic Division and also to the forefront of the NBA's Division II race: the Eastern Conference minus elitist Boston, Philadelphia and Milwaukee. While the Nets lost Friday to Boston 113-109 and Sunday to Seattle 98-97, to fall to 33-32, they're almost a cinch to make the playoffs for the first time since 1978-79. You have to go back to that year to find them over .500 this late in the season. Since Dec. 16, when the Nets' record was 6-16, they are 27-16.

"Just goes to show what can happen when you finish last enough times and get all those choices in the draft," jokes Boston Coach Bill Fitch about the Nets'

Enter Ray Williams. A free agent after averaging more than 19 points a game for the Knicks last year, the 27-year-old Williams held out at the start of this season when New York wouldn't agree to a \$500,000-a-year contract. After missing almost all of the Knicks' pre-season, Williams was traded to the Nets for Maurice Lucas.

But money turned out to be not as important to the Knicks as stability and consistency, which the team lacked even while winning 50 games a year ago. The backcourt of Williams and Michael Ray Richardson, 26, took most of the heat for the team's erratic play and early departure from the playoffs, a mini-series wipeout by Chicago. Over the past three seasons the pair had combined for 25 points, nine rebounds and 13 assists a game. Last year the numbers were 36, 11 and 13. Also, Richardson led the NBA in total steals, with Williams fifth. But the critics bayed: Williams and Richard-

Look what's new in Jersey

The Nets have a new coach, new look, new arena and renewed spirit

son are running amok. One has to go. "People never mentioned all the games we won in the closing seconds," Richardson says. "We clowned around outside, but when we were on the court we dominated other guards—points, rebounds, everything. And we were getting better and better. Management said they wanted youth, then they traded Ray and brought in people twice his age [Randy Smith, 33, from Cleveland and ex-NET Mike Newlin, also 33, designated backcourt savvies 1 and 1A].

Only five of the current Nets and just one starter, Guard Foots Walker, were on the squad a year ago and starting Center Len Elmore was sitting on the Milwaukee Bucks' bench. A tender right knee had kept King out until Nov. 10. Guard Otis Birdsong, traded to New Jersey in the off-season from Kansas City, was hampered by a bad knee that has limited him to only 34 games this season.

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"That's why we're 29-36 today. Ask anyone in here and they'll tell you the same thing, and if they don't it's because they're too scared to open their mouths."

Knicks Coach Red Holzman says the loss of Williams is ancient history, but "I'd still love to have him." Williams has averaged 19.2 points per game since joining the Nets, leads the team in steals and assists and is third in rebounds behind

continued

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Southern Comfort

Buck Williams and Elmore. In games in which Ray has scored 20 or more points the Nets are 26-8; they have a 7-1 record in games in which he has popped for 30 or more.

After a recent practice at a New Jersey recreational center, Williams was simultaneously talking with a reporter while providing color commentary of a nearby game of eight-ball while destroying said reporter at Ping-Pong, playing ambidextrously. "I just didn't like being described as ignorant and out of control in the press every day," Williams says. "No one else on the team would take those chances, but to hear them tell it I was messing everything up."

"I saw that with David Thompson at Denver," Brown says of his former team. "Every game when it got down to 'guts time,' we had to go to him. He accepted that pressure but if he didn't come through, everybody dumped on him. We know we have to go to Ray, but I don't want the same thing to happen here. Other people are going to have to step forward."

And they have stepped Forward, but not necessarily front and center. Everyone knew Buck Williams, the 6' 8", 215-pound bruiser from Maryland, would become one of the NBA's best power forwards. He's added scoring (15.4) to his repertoire of defense and rebounding (12.1 a game). And King, who started slowly because of his knee injury and contract difficulties, has become a force. The team is 22-13 with King in the starting lineup, and his stats in those games—an average of 13.6 points and 4.6 rebounds—reflect the team's rise. "I haven't been on a losing team since the eighth grade," King, also a Maryland alum, says. "It's always easier to play when you win."

But center is where you win championships, and Gminski and Sam Lacey, acquired from Kansas City on Nov. 12, weren't the answer. So the Nets picked up another Marylander, Len Elmore, from Milwaukee, and his seven-year experience in the pros has helped steady rookies Williams and King.

"In one game it hit me that I would have to say, 'I'm doing this,'" Elmore says, "now you guys follow me."

But the two biggest surprises are O'Koren and Walker. The former, a native of nearby Jersey City, has averaged 11.8 points a game off the bench, while splitting the small forward position with King.

And since Birdsong—who was acquired from Kansas City after he signed an offer sheet with Cleveland that would erase the national debt—suffered his

mosphere, or so he thought. But despite a spectacular first season in which the Bruins escaped the ruins of a shaky start to advance to the 1980 NCAA championship game, Brown went back to the pros. Foremost among the reasons were the death of Bruin Athletic Director J.D. Morgan and the reinstatement of Forward Kenny Fields just nine days after Brown had dismissed him.

Brown says he could have stayed through the "Fields thing" if Morgan hadn't died and if he had been able to make ends meet financially. A lot was made of Brown's inability to buy a house upon his arrival in Westwood—but, hey, we're talking Bel Air and Beverly Hills. "That wasn't so bad," says Brown. "It was just that you had to have your little camp here and your little radio show there. You were obligated to so many people that there was never enough time to coach."

Brown verbally committed himself to the Nets in January of 1981, two months before his second season at UCLA had ended, and by now the Nets' fans have committed themselves as well. A record crowd of 19,367 showed up for Friday's game with the Celtics, and they saw the Nets at their best. And worst. Not strong enough to overpower any team, let alone the Celtics, the Nets win when everybody plays well. That wasn't the case for much of the game as the Celtics moved in front by as many as 19 points in the first half. "Championship intimidation," Elmore would call it later.

But a 16-0 New Jersey run early in the third quarter cut the lead to one, and the Nets even went ahead 101-100 with 2:48 left. That they were unable to hold on to the lead against the Boston powerhouse was no disgrace, and Ray Williams had 31 points and three assists.

The Nets' remaining schedule is killing, but they should hang on to the conference's No. 4 playoff spot. They meet Boston and Philadelphia twice, division leaders San Antonio and Milwaukee once each and Atlantic rival Washington three times.

There is also a home-and-home set with the New York Knicks, and that should make for very interesting viewing, at least in Brendan Byrne. **END**



Brown seems to have found a home in New Jersey.

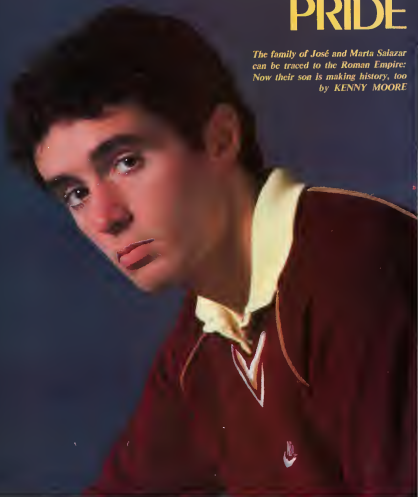
knee injury, Walker has more than filled in as a complement to Williams. He's averaging seven assists a game since he became a starter 32 games ago.

But Walker didn't fit in right away. Ordered into a blowout loss to Boston on Nov. 13, Walker refused to budge and was fined. Then, when Birdsong reinjured his knee, Brown was forced to use his best foot at starting guard. "I felt the team needed a point guard," Walker says, "because Ray and Otis weren't ready to play together."

Brown swore off the NBA when he quit as coach at Denver in February of 1979, citing "tension problems, an NBA coach's disease." He moved to UCLA, where there was a more controllable at-

POSSESSED OF A CERTAIN PRIDE

*The family of José and Marta Salazar
can be traced to the Roman Empire:
Now their son is making history, too*
by KENNY MOORE





CONTINUED



continued



"In Latin culture you defend your pride, your ego," says Salazar, whose pit ball shares parallel traits: "an affectionate veneer over a core of ... killer."

History looms over Alberto Salazar. He's already in the books for good, of course, with his 2:08:13 marathon last October in New York, the first improvement of the world's best time in that event in 12 years. This he did in only his second attempt at the distance. That Salazar mildly predicted the time (and that of his first marathon, a winning 2:09:41 at New York in 1980) gives his performance a human appeal that assures its continuing to shine in our collective imagination long after his record is broken.

Because Salazar is only 23 and blessed with a superb coach, a rewarding place to train, a tough, helpful wife and the conviction that he has many years yet to improve, he will be the man to break his record. We have his word on it: "2:06,

2:05," he has said. "Before I finish I should be in that range."

But history holds Salazar in another way as well, in an embrace he has sometimes struggled against. In his running and in his larger character, he is the contemporary expression of traits that have been in his family for centuries, for millennia. Salazar's mother, Marta Galbis Rigot Salazar, can trace her name to the Roman General Galba, who conquered the Alcante region of Spain 1,900 years ago. In 68 A.D., after Nero's death, Galba was made Emperor, "but was killed after a few months," in the words of *The Reader's Encyclopedia*, "because he was unwilling to fulfill the expectations of his followers." It would not be the last death in this family traceable to an abundance of pride and will.

On his father's side, each of the 11 generations that preceded Alberto's produced individuals of exceptional talent and adherence to the right as they saw it. "God has been good to this family," José Salazar has said. "Those generations kept the values of family and sacrifice and moral strength in times of corruption. The presence of those generations is a living force. I tell Alberto you can do what you want, but he knows the irresistible way of our history."

To this, Alberto has said, "Come on, Dad."

Yet to know Salazar, and to then learn of his ancestors, is to be confounded by the mystery of reappearing character. A blue-covered book was given to Molly Morton and Alberto Salazar when they married last December. It is a privately

printed history of the Garesché, Bauduy and des Chapelles families, which delineates Alberto's paternal forebears, by Dorothy Garesché Holland of St. Louis. It traces for five centuries how these three names mingled to form a great intermarried clan remarkable for military bravery, aiding and opposing revolution, colonizing Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic), subsequent dispossession by slave uprisings and a reflowering in Wilmington, Del. and later in Cuba. Alberto Salazar was born in Havana on Aug. 7, 1958, in the midst of revolution. At the age of 2 he participated in his family's latest exodus, to Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Thus it's appropriate in a discussion of his life to include some paragraphs concerning these ancestors, not because Alberto has been particularly aware of them, but because he has not. The matter of predilections, for example. Dorothy Holland writes:

... on October 4, 1790, when Pierre Bauduy de Bellevue and Juliette Thérèse Jeanne Julien de Breton des Chapelles were married at her father's home in Léogane [Santo Domingo].... Among her [childhood] friends was Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie. One day Juliette, Josephine and a third girl whose name is not known, had their fortunes told by an old slave, Euphemia. The seer said that Josephine would be a queen and an empress; that the unnamed girl would be a princess and that Juliette would marry one of her own rank. Josephine, of course, eventually married Napoleon, and Juliette, Pierre. The other girl left Santo Domingo shortly after the fortune-telling incident and started for Europe with her parents. On the way their ship was seized by pirates and she was taken as a captive to Turkey. Here a Persian prince fell in love with her and made her his bride...

Alberto Salazar's family spent its first 10 years in the U.S. in Manchester, Conn. "The backyard was two hills down to a pond," says Marta, "Alberto and his two older brothers and his sister [Richard, now 27, who flies an F-14 from the carrier John F. Kennedy; José, 25, a graduate of the University of Massachusetts in

marine biology; and Maria Cristina, 29, who runs a translation service in Miami. A younger brother, Fernando, is now 16] were running up and down those hills, playing constantly."

As a child Alberto was a perfectionist, never needing reminders to do his homework. At the earliest age he seems to have resented unwelcome intrusions and met them with rages. "He has always had the resistance to affront, the pridefulness in his character," says Marta. She recalls that when he was only 3, "before he could speak English, we were on vacation in Michigan, and we put him in a summer camp. The first day the teacher called and said, 'Come get your kid...'"

"We were sitting at lunch," Alberto says, "and I wasn't 3, I was 6 or 7. [Actually, he was 5.] Anyway, a kid whipped me with a vine, stung me. I chased him. They grabbed me, held me, but I wouldn't calm down. I was in a fit..."

"They said, 'Alberto swears to take revenge on that kid,'" continues Marta. She has arrestingly sad, experienced Spanish eyes. "My father used to call me

the Black Panther for my rages at about the age Alberto was then. I am of Basque descent. The part of Spain from where we come is famous for the people's hot temper. And José's grandfather.... Once his kids scratched a favorite table. Grandfather was so incensed he

continued



Salazar predicted he'd win the 1981 New York Marathon in world-record time, and did. Indoorly in 1982 he was No. 1-ranked in the 5,000.



took it into the yard and burned it."

Alberto's brother Richard coaxed him into his first timed races when Alberto was 9. Alberto's hair-trigger temper nearly made them his last. "He got me all psyched up to run the half mile around the block, for which he held the record," says Alberto.

"I had cut through the alley to give him the 440 time," says Richard, "and got back to the finish and waited, and waited. . . ."

"I got tired," says Alberto. "And I knew I wouldn't come close to his time."

"So I found him, sitting down, sick, saying, 'This is stupid,'" says Richard.

But Alberto simply loved to run. Uncatchable at tag, he organized his pursuers into relays to keep the game interesting. His memories of fifth- and sixth-grade field days are photographic. "I won the 600 yards in the sixth grade, although I stopped to tie my shoelace," he says. "Nobody could believe it. Girls were saying, 'God, you beat John Lacy.' I ran home yelling with blue ribbons. I wrapped them in cellophane. I meant to save them forever." The ribbons are lost, but the struggles have not dimmed. "In the eighth grade I was sick for field day. My race was an 880. The whole school lined both sides of the course. I beat Carl Geig by six inches." That Salazar remembers all the names of his opponents calls to mind his description of the marathon 10 years later: "It's taking a runner to the point where he has to give up. The marathon, with me, is ultimately a personal thing, very personal."

Richard, four years older, had run well for the high school in Wayland, Mass., where the Salazars had moved when Alberto was 11, and went on to do a 4:06 mile at the Naval Academy and captain the Muddies' cross-country team. "He was my primary influence well into high school," says Alberto.

"His coach at Navy, Al Cantello [who once held the world record in the javelin throw] was good friends with Bill Dellinger of Oregon, so Richard would pass on to me stories of what Oregon guys like Steve Prefontaine did. I started doing two workouts a day

when I was a junior because of that, and beginning in my sophomore year, I always had peaches and toast as my pre-race meal because Dellinger had eaten them once when they were the only things available in the house, and then he'd gone out and won his high school state meet."

Before his junior year at Wayland, Salazar ran a 9:28 two mile, proof of solid talent. To the credit of his coach, Don Benedetti, Salazar was permitted to train with members of the Greater Boston Track Club and its famously garrulous



Alberto and Molly both ran for Oregon, and still live in Eugene.

coach, Bill Squires. "From the first Squires always stressed the long-term way of looking at things, always talked about 10 years down the line," says Salazar. "I'd read of high school guys going 130 miles per week, so I tried it. He grabbed me and said, 'Listen, now is a

time to grow, not wreck yourself.'"

It was hard enough at 80 per week, that first year with the Greater Boston TC. "The long intervals seemed to last forever, but gradually I was able to keep up," says Salazar. "It seemed haphazard at times, the way he'd give me a shoebox with my workout written on it, or a napkin. He seemed to speak gibberish a lot. 'You're an with the guppies today,' turned out to mean that I was training with the high school runners. 'The horses' were guys like Bill Rodgers, Dickie Mahoney, Vin Fleming, Mark Duggan, Freddie Doyle and Kirk Pfingst. They took me in and gave me a nickname, the Rookie, and taught me tactics. The insistence on full recovery, on consistency and on not overracing was the same that I'd get later from Dellinger at Oregon. I've been lucky in being coached the same way for eight years."

After his junior year Salazar was second in the National Junior 5,000 and tied Craig Virgin's age-group record. "That was when I knew I was going to be really good," he says. His gravitation toward Oregon and its running tradition seemed inevitable, though he looked at Duke and Stanford just to make sure. Although he finished high school in the top 5% of his class, Salazar nonetheless chose his college on the basis of sport, and perhaps out of sympathy for Dellinger. "When he visited, my father put him through four hours of home movies," Salazar says. "He took it."

"I was numb from those movies," Dellinger says now.

Marie [Bauduy] had been sought in marriage by M. Fournieu de Marsilly of Santo Domingo, with whom she was very much in love. Her mother approved but her despotic father was violently opposed and would not permit it. A bitter family quarrel ensued with the result that Pierre Bauduy obtained lettres de cachet [blank arrest warrants signed by the King of France] for both of them; in one he consigned his daughter to the Ursuline Convent in Tours on January 18,

continued

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TIME



continued

1769, and in the other he forced his wife to return to Santo Domingo, a place he detested.

(This Pierre's son, Jean Baptiste Bauduy, was a "man of talents . . . courage and imperious will . . ." In 1791 he was managing the family's plantation, Bellevue, in Santo Domingo, when, as a result of the French Revolution, the island's 400,000 slaves began to rebel.) Jean Baptiste Bauduy . . . had made himself particularly obnoxious to the democratic whites by his fierce invectives against their leaders. . . . One day a band of mulattoes . . . approached [Bellevue, where Jean Baptiste and a few others had been barricaded for four months] and all prepared to fight. But Jean Baptiste Bauduy, who, according to the old manuscript, "for all his faults was fearless," waved them back and went out alone, thinking he could dissuade the attackers. But no sooner had he stepped out on the gallery than he was shot down.

Salazar has said, "Growing up, I had a close look at obsession," by which he meant his father. José Salazar, who still lives in Wayland, is a leading spokesman for the Cuban exile community in the Northeast. "He was involved in demonstrations, he was on the phone five hours every night organizing," says Alberto. "And I hated hearing about it. It was hard for a little kid to care about anything 1,500 miles away that he didn't even remember. I'd say, 'Let's not talk politics,' and he'd shout, 'This is not politics. It is friends starving to death in that country, suffering atrocities.' There wasn't anything like that in the newspapers. I shut my mind to it."

But Alberto also came to know what his father had done in Cuba, to appreciate the remarkable vantage from which his parent spoke. José Salazar had first met Fidel Castro when they were both students. Castro in law, Salazar in engineering, at the University of Havana in the late '40s and early '50s.

"I liked Castro. He was a brilliant, charismatic man," says José. "We were from different Catholic high schools, he

continued

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the Jesuits, I the Christian Brothers. His father made a fortune in sugar in a frontier town and sent him to boarding school. He needed a family upbringing. At the university he spoke out against Batista [Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's dictator in 1933-44, 1952-59]. As did I."

When Castro led the revolt of 1958 to overthrow Batista, Salazar was a lieutenant in the rebel army. "My dad's family had always been freedom fighters," says Alberto. "His grandfather was jailed with his whole class of medical students in 1871 for defacing the tomb of a Spanish newspaperman. Eight were shot. It was the incident that finally tore it between Spain and Cuba and made the 1895 war of independence inevitable."

When Batista was defeated, in 1959, Castro put Salazar in charge of examining Cuba's agreements with other countries. "He found out where France owed Cuba a couple million dollars," says Alberto, "but at that time Ché Guevara was getting arms from France and didn't want to jeopardize the arrangement, so Guevara and my father had a big row. Castro reassigned Dad to oversee all tourist construction. He built 49 projects—hotels, housing developments, national parks—in a year and a half."

"José was so happy then," says Marta, "doing his dream, working for the government with all the help and money he



continued

needed; he was having a grand time. The rest of us looked around at the way things were going. Parents were to have no say in their children's education. It was to be government indoctrination. Castro expelled the priests and nuns who had educated generations of Cubans."

"We had no knowledge that Castro had become a Marxist," says José. "Then I had another confrontation with Ché Guevara over a community development project in Oriente province. He refused to let it be built with a church. I refused to build without one." Castro supported Guevara. Salazar resigned in October 1960, when it became clear to everyone that Castro was turning Cuba into a Marxist state. "This is no longer a Cuban revolution," Salazar announced to those who worked for him.

"It was silly to do it that way," says Marta. "At once friends came and took him away from the house for his safety." The police were at the Salazars' home in two hours. José escaped to Miami, and begged Marta to join him in the U.S.

"I never truly understood I would have to leave Cuba," says Marta. "I was in shock. There were no suitcases. My sisters packed boxes while I watched and cried. I couldn't move my arms. I thought, why should I take anything if I am going to die? I cried from the time I left home until we got to the airport. There I had to act naturally because everyone faced an inquisition from a table of men who detained many people. I was afraid they would turn us back because of our name. Still I couldn't stop crying—until I was called."

Suddenly controlled, Marta brought her four small children forward. "There was a man there with green cat eyes and a mean face," she says. "The officials took my purse and looked through it, and my child José [then 4] grabbed the green-eyed man's pen. I was horrified. But the man broke into a big, kind grin, and we were set free."

Stepping from the plane in Miami, Marta was met by José, "who told me he was in the

training camp for the Bay of Pigs invasion." When that failed—José, assigned to the third wave of invaders, was not sent onto Cuban soil—the family settled in Connecticut.

Now, when José speaks of Castro, he talks less of evil than weakness. "He did not have a background to combat his ambition," José says. It's José's belief that Marxism was a means to personal power for Castro, a bargain. "He must have agonized over what the Soviets forced him to do. He's not independent."

"I have an aunt," says Alberto, "who was the only one to stay. She saw all the promises not kept. In 1975, when I was 17, she got out. My father said, 'You haven't believed me. So now listen to her.' I did, and for the first time I understood how bad it was."

[Peter Bauduy was a founding partner, with E.I. du Pont, in the first DuPont gunpowder factory in Wilmington, Delaware in 1802, the beginning of a colossus. However, the two grew to detest each other, and after many difficult years Bauduy sold out to DuPont in 1815, and began his own gunpowder mill.] Peter Bauduy sold the powder works to his two sons-in-law, John Peter and Vital Garesché, and left for Cuba [in 1819, starting the families' history there] determined to make a fresh start. The Eden Park Powder Mills, which had never been very successful, underwent a series of explosions, the last killing four men and seriously wounding several others. Before the last explosion John had warned one of the workmen to stop smoking or quit his job. The decision was made to give up the powder mills... In 1856 the Gareschés left Wilmington for Manzanar, Cuba...

When John Peter and Cora Garesché went to Cuba, their son John was employed at the Hazzard powder mills in Connecticut. An account of his death on Sept. 13, 1858 is as follows: [Mr. Hazzard wanted some improvement made]... but John, who foresaw the impracticality and danger, endeavored to prevail upon him not to undertake it and the night before he was killed, the eve of the contemplated trial, he spent the evening at Mr. Hazzard's and insisted most strenuously that it would not

continued



The Salazars wet after the 1981 New York Marathon.

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succeed and would only prove dangerous and probably fatal.

He was then told that he had better not assist at the trial. John was at the time about 22 or 23 years old. He replied that some of his workmen were men of family and he certainly could not permit them to risk their lives and he not his. That night he sat up until a late hour reading religious books on the subject of a sudden death.

The next morning the experiment was made and, as he had predicted, cost the lives of all those engaged in it. The mill exploded and he and his employees were all killed.

[When the Salazar's had just escaped Cuba and were not yet settled, José wrote to the DuPont company offering his services in employment. The corporation replied it had no need of him.]

The first September night in 1976 that the two new Oregon freshmen roommates, Alberto Salazar and Rudy Chapa, who is of Mexican heritage, spent together in Eugene, they had a five-hour argument. "It started when we went to bed," says Chapa. "The subject was whether Bruce Jenner was the greatest athlete in the world. Alberto was for Bruce. He's such a track supporter. I said pro sports kept the best talent out of track." They shouted. They slammed furniture. They spoke in English. They grew reasonable. They spoke in Spanish. They screamed again. "We called it quits at 4 a.m.," says Chapa. "Alberto still says he won that argument. He didn't. But I knew I'd found an amazing friend."

They were an amazing pair of runners as well, the sweetly moving Chapa and the taller, skinnier, clumpier Salazar. Chapa was the better miler and 5,000-meter runner; he would win the 1978 NCAA 5,000 and set an American record of 7:37.7 for 3,000 meters in 1979. Salazar, without the gift of sprinting speed, determined that he would own the longer distances. "He said when we were freshmen that he would hold the world record in the marathon someday," says Chapa, who grew up in Hammond, Ind. and is now in law school at Indiana University. "But he was relaxed about how long it would take."

First, Salazar had to overcome shortcomings in technique. That freshman



continued

season, running a two-mile against Oregon graduate Paul Gris, who was the only U.S. finalist in the 1976 Olympic 5,000. Salazar led through the first seven laps. "He's tough," said an observer who had not seen him before. "Can he kick?"

"Kick?" said Rescoe Divine, who ran a 3:56.4 mile for Oregon in 1970. "Hell, look at him, he can barely run."

"Alberto was picking up his foot before his leg was fully extended behind him," says Dellinger. "So it looked like he ran like an old man. But as a sophomore he ran thousands of stadium steps with an inner tube filled with sand on his shoulders. That forced him to extend."

Dellinger's predecessor at Oregon, Bill Bowersman, marvels yet at Salazar's style. "We have had three runners at Oregon. Keith Forman [who ran a 3:58.3 mile in 1962], Kenneth Moore [who ran a 2:11:36 marathon in 1970] and Alberto Salazar, who were like bumblebees. Mechanically, you can prove bumblebees can't fly. It's impossible. But the bumblebees don't know that. My rule always was, 'Don't tell 'em.'"

Salazar wouldn't have listened anyway. "No, one of the problems with coaching Al then was convincing him he didn't have to run 500 miles per week," says Dellinger. "His dad called me in the summer before Al's junior year and said, 'He's got a broken foot but he's still running 15 miles a day.' I limited him to two miles, because I knew he'd go crazy if he couldn't run at all. I'd call and ask how far he'd gone that day. He'd squirm and say, 'Well, 12, but it felt better.' He ran 105 miles a week through a stress fracture."

And won the NCAA cross-country championship that November. "The tougher, the more severe conditions are, the better he'll do," says Dellinger, "except in the heat."

Like Rodgers, his fellow New England marathoner, Salazar rolls best in the chill. In the 1978 Falmouth (Mass.) Road Race, run in the warmth and humidity of August, Salazar drove himself to heat prostration, his body temperature soaring to 108° when he staggered in. He was packed in ice and given last rites, the former making the latter unnecessary. Facing heat-loving African opponents on warm June days, Salazar never won an NCAA 10,000 title on the track, though he's now the second-fastest American ever at that distance with his

27:40.6 in last September's World Cup.

In his sophomore year at Oregon, Salazar met Molly Morton, who in 1979 was breaking all the school's records for women at distances from 3,000 to 10,000 meters. Alberto is catching up in the records department, but Molly has always been more than a match for him. A dimpled blonde with a Bette Midler sense of humor, she sent obscene Christmas cards to the Oregon women's coach, Tom Heinonen, and maintained a rather complex relationship with her racing, as in the remark, "The only way for me to enjoy a 10,000 is to bring along a good book."

With Molly as inspiration, there were times, says Chapa, when Alberto was the true Latin lover, devoted, strutting and touchy. "It's there, like his mother said," he says, "that quickness to take offense. A number of times when he thought Molly had been insulted by some guy

twice his size, he'd say, 'He may kill me, but I'm going after him.' We'd hold him a minute."

"Anglo culture teaches you to be restrained, to think before you act," says Salazar, while applying DMSO to a sore shin in the airy condominium in south Eugene where he and Molly now live. "In Latin culture you act before you think, you defend your pride, your ego, when hindsight may show you it was dumb. I know it's wrong, but I'm surprised at myself when I see an injustice done. I'm ... well, I'm just blood-thirsty."

He hugs Toby, his adolescent black pit bull terrier, whom Alberto loves for having parallel traits with him. "An affectionate veneer over a core of accomplished killer," he says, grinning. "I read where a pit bull in L.A. jumped out of his yard, and in the hour before they caught him, he killed seven dogs." Alberto calculates. "That's a kill every eight minutes. Toby's going to go for the record when he's older, aren't you?"

"Anyway, I think the Anglo idea of not letting your emotions rule you can hurt in running. You can think too much about time and pace and how tired you are. But pride can get you to do something that your better sense wouldn't. I know I do stupid things like training while injured. Athletes are supposed to be super-determined but ease off intelligently when hurt. I don't think that balance exists. If something makes me aggressive in a race, and that's good, how can I discard those traits in daily life?"

Chapa has said of Salazar, "He has the deepest pride I've ever known in a man. And when someone like that is as disciplined as he is ... you can't stop a guy like that."

Chapa himself has been slowed for more than a year by a chronic foot injury. "I want him to run well again," says Salazar with sudden fierceness. "If I had to run bad so he could run well, I'd take it." Seldom have both been at their best at the same time. "He's better balanced than I, more talented without a doubt," continues Salazar, "but without the obsessiveness. We plan to train in St. Moritz for eight weeks next June and July, and if he's healed by then, we'll come down for the Zurich 5,000."

"And he'll beat the crap out of you," says Molly.

"Aw, hell," says Salazar, almost luxu-

continued



In high school Alberto trained with "horses."

riating in the thought. "I wouldn't mind."

Major Julius Garesché had for some time been in the office of the Adjutant General in Washington, and in July 1862 he was made a colonel . . . and therefore subject to direct orders from Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. . . . According to a statement from a fellow officer, General Martin T. McMahon, there were frequent clashes between them: "[Garesché] was a wise counsellor, and many times consulted by the President, especially in the selection of officers for high command in the Army; . . . one who never submitted during the trying days he spent in the War Department under the then Secretary of War to anything that reflected upon his personal or official dignity. This brought him frequently into somewhat stormy conflict with Mr. Stanton; but the President, Mr. Lincoln, who had a very affectionate regard for him, always sustained him, for the good and sufficient reason that in all matters of dispute he was right.

"On one occasion, when the Secretary called for certain papers to send to Congress and wished them to



continued

be made out so as to contain a suppression of the truth, Col. Garesché positively refused to prepare them in the manner indicated."

[In 1862 Colonel Julius Garesché transferred to the staff of Major General William Rosecrans, commander of the Army of the Cumberland. He rode into his first battle, Murfreesboro, beside the general.] The battle started and Julius' horse was shot from under him. . . . He was mounted again and resumed his place at the side of General Rosecrans. To resume the account of Captain Bickham [Rosecrans' aide]: "In the midst of the horrible carnival . . . they were galloping through a tumult of iron missiles. An unexploded shell whizzed close by his leader and the head of Garesché vanished with it. Sickening gouts of his brains were scattered upon his comrades, who turned in horror from the ghastly spectacle. The mutilated form of the hero careened gently over the saddle and fell upon the field." General Rosecrans wrote: . . . he probably felt not a single pain. I learned from his brother Alexander that he was supernaturally warned that he would die in the first battle in which he should be engaged."

Salazar's life, despite the mounting calls of race promoters and the freshness of his marriage, seems as settled as it has ever been. He's now a member of Athletics West, which provides him with broken-time payments, clerical help, medical attention and the services of a masseur to reduce the risk of injury. He plans to do some promotional work for the University of Oregon track program, but his essential task is running well. His marketing degree will be put to use in the future. He is sparing in his races.

"There's a difference between the races and travel necessary for big money," Chapa says, "and the careful training you need to reach your potential. A lot of runners have sold themselves.

Rodgers is one that comes to mind. That will not happen to Alberto. He will be the best runner he can be."

As if to prove the point, Salazar has skipped all road races this month to lead the U.S. team in the world cross-country championships on March 21 in Rome. Only then will he decide whether to enter the Boston Marathon 29 days later. Looking farther ahead, he says, "I'll try for the Olympic marathon in 1984, but the Olympics have lost their appeal because the last three have been marred, and I made it in 1980 and we didn't go. So they're not the reason I'm running."

Of Alberto's motives, his mother has said, "It is not the money or the glory. I sense he's happy running, just in the act of it. It is something he has to express."

A gene perhaps. Some little fixture in Bauduy and Garesché and Salazar chemistry down through the years that has to do with the quality of certainty. Richard Salazar once said, in his father's hearing, "You know, all that genealogical stuff doesn't have a damn thing to do with Alberto running so well." He meant not in the way that José had seemed to present it, which is that God is watching the Salazars, granting prodigious talents and expecting spectacular sacrifice and fidelity in return. But what has gone before must have its effect, perhaps in simply permitting Alberto to grow up seeing the rightness, the acceptability of following one's own obsession.

"I always had my eye on getting to the top," said Alberto recently. "So I told myself, O.K., you're one of the best in your area, in your age group. All you have to do is keep at it, keep the best, and someday you'll get a world record. But by the time you get there, after all the years of planning and racing and training and learning what you can do—it's realism, by the way, that lets me predict. Sure, sometime I'm going to blow one, but more often than not the connection between racing and training will hold—anyway, after all of that the world record hasn't got the halo around it that it had back in high school. You see these guys like Coe and Ovett you'd thought were superhuman, and then you get a world record, and they're just a couple of guys. We're just people, we just run a little faster. It's kind of depressing, really, when you think about it."

Of course, that is Alberto Salazar's better sense talking, not his pride. **END**



Salazar's ancestor Julius Garesché was the first West Pointer to be killed in the Civil War.

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PERSPECTIVE

by ARNOLD SCHOECHTER

THE CBA MAY HAVE A POINT WITH ITS NEW WAY OF FIGURING THE STANDINGS

In the second quarter of a Continental Basketball Association game at Rochester last season, Jim Drucker, commissioner of that minor pro league, found his eyes glazing over from boredom. Rochester was coasting, with a lead of more than 20 points over Philadelphia, and, says Drucker, "I would've yawned if I hadn't been afraid of having my picture taken. It was like watching *The Sting* and being told halfway through how it would end."

Drucker responded by devising a new approach to computing the league's standings that was designed to hold fan interest and motivate players to hustle throughout the game (SCORECARD, July 13, 1981). His system awards a team three points in the standings for a victory, one point for each quarter in which it outscores its opponent and one-half point for each quarter in which it ties its opponent. The team with the highest point total—and not necessarily the best won-lost record—would be in first place. During a game fans watch not only the main scoreboard, but also an auxiliary scoreboard that provides a running tally of the quarter being played. The most points a team can earn from a game are seven—three for winning and four more for outscoring its opponent in every period. At the other extreme, a victorious team can receive as few as four points with the loser picking up three.

In this year's 184-game regular season, which ended March 14, Drucker's innovation affected the relative positions of teams in the standings in only one instance—otherwise the winningest teams finished on top—but it dramatically changed the style of play. Most obviously, those monotonous stretches of running and gunning known as "garbage time" virtually disappeared. Because the outcome of each quarter altered the standings, teams generally played under much tighter control, with coaches ordering more pattern offenses and goading their players to stay alert on defense.

This more deliberate rhythm, abetted by minor rule changes in the awarding of foul shots, reduced scoring by about 10 points per game. That was a precipitous drop, especially because CBA players love to run up gaudy stats to attract the attention of NBA teams.

But while scoring cooled down, competition heated up. Many games were struggles for all 48 minutes; even when a team was hopelessly overmatched, it scrapped valiantly in the final period to salvage a point. In 69% of the games, the fourth quarter or the game itself was decided by four points or fewer.

This intensity increased the pressures on every participant. Referees drew more complaints about their calls. Players had to push their bodies harder, an unpopular chore in a league where road trips are long and rosters are short. The

ulcers," says George Karl, coach of the Montana Golden Nuggets.

Karl asserts that the new system took a lot of fun out of the game. "I like garbage time, at least when it comes at the end of a blowout," he says. "If you're winning big, you've earned the right to relax. By that stage you should be thinking about getting a beer rather than a point in the standings."

"We couldn't enjoy our tough wins as much, either. In close games we earned only a few points more in the standings than the teams we beat, so we were left feeling we had barely won anything. Maybe they ought to give more points for winning—say, six instead of three."

Fine-tuning the allocation of points might make sense, but abandoning the entire system wouldn't. CBA players and coaches did have to put out more this season, but as Frank Grant, an owner of the Maine Lumberjacks, says, "That's what they're paid to do." And over the years pro basketball spectators have had to endure far too much action that resembled pickup games at the Y.

Certainly CBA fans showed an appetite for better-quality basketball; league attendance was up almost 20%. "The fans yelled like crazy at the end of most quarters," says Drucker, "and they rarely left a game early." In fact they rarely left their seats for anything. Concession sales were down.

That sort of fan interest gladdens an owner's heart, and it raises the intriguing possibility that the NBA, with its chronic attendance and ratings problems, might try the same experiment. And Big Brother is, in fact, watching. The NBA gives the CBA an annual subsidy, in part to have the minor league test new rules and equipment, and NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien says that his people "closely monitored the new system."

But the NBA is likely to take a very long look before it leaps. NBA owners accepted the three-point shot only after a great deal of soul-searching, and they'll probably be even slower to adopt a system that changes the game so much. As Frank Layden, coach and general manager of the Utah Jazz, says, "Who knows where this approach might lead? The players might say they're playing four times as many games and deserve more money."



stars usually got no more than brief rests, because they were often rushed back into the game toward the end of each quarter.

Coaches also felt beleaguered. They had to prepare for four "end-of-game" situations instead of one, juggle their lineups and time-outs accordingly and make some new and dicey decisions: Should a team try a two-point shot to tie a quarter or a three-point shot to win it? In the final period, if a three-point shot would tie the game but only a two-point shot was needed to win the quarter, which should a team attempt? Most coaches opted for the safer two-point shot, but no matter what they chose, they were more vulnerable than ever to second-guessing. "We really aggravated our

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First Person

by FRANK LIDZ

ONE WAFFLING WIFFLE BALL PITCHER IS CAJOLED OUT OF YEARLY RETIREMENT

The most zuffig curve in America belongs not to Bo Derek but to a slight Philadelphia bookstore clerk named Jay Herman. This backyard Bo Belinsky retired from the Herman Wiffle Ball Four in 1971 at the age of 20, when his curve was perhaps at its most enticing. He unretired in 1972, and has retired and unretired every year since. It's tradition, and the Herman Four is nothing if not tradition.

Wiffle Ball isn't thought of as a major sport, or even a minor one, but in Herman's 18-year-old league, of which I am a charter member, the game has been distilled into the essence of baseball. There's minimal fielding, no sliding, no base running, no bunting, no hit-and-

run, no spectators—just pitching and hitting. It's a pure contest of pitcher against batter.

For the uninitiated, a Wiffle Ball is a hollow white plastic sphere with slots cut out on one side, which is what helps give Herman his curve. Four-year-old kids hit Wiffle Balls with a kind of hollow, lemony plastic bat—the game was obviously invented by a guy whose mother warned him about smashing windows—but in Herman's league we have advanced to thin, rugged, wooden bats. The hard bats sometimes crack the Wiffle Balls, making them jumpy and a lot harder to hit.

Since our first game, the fir tree has grown to 40 feet, and the forsythia has

virtually closed off rightfield. These days homers are more a matter of accuracy or luck than power. You have to hit the ball through an ever-narrowing slot in center. On top of that, the plate was moved back 12 feet in 1971, making it even more of a pitcher's game. Actually, the exact location of the plate has been in dispute for some years. Herman's older brother seeded the field in the early '70s, and home plate was lost.

Each wiffler has developed his own

pitching style. Arn Tellem relies exclusively on his fastball, which he delivers with all the control of Ryne Duren without his glasses on. The fastball is the worst pitch in Wiffle Ball anyway because the fastest ball only goes about 40 mph. Mark Moskowitz, the lone southpaw among us, grabs four balls and pitches at the batter as fast as he can. All he wants to do is get off the mound. As for myself, I try to hit the corners like Whitey Ford, whose splendid visage adorned our first Wiffle Ball box.

Herman has four basic pitches: a sinking fastball, a floater, a big curve thrown in the high-kicking style of Juan Marichal and, most impressive, a freaky-deaky reverse curve thrown from the fetal position. The ball seems to start near Plymouth Rock, circles the Golden Gate Bridge and arrives in the strike zone by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Still, Herman resists playing out of semi-adult inertia. Or maybe it's because his curve has tended to hang lately, and he has won only four of his last 23. He has to be coaxed out of retirement each game. He'll be watching TV in the kitchen, and you'll have to go out back and start hitting fungies. The click peculiar to the impact of Wiffle Ball and wood drifts into his consciousness. Then he has to excavate his closet for an ancient pair of white tennis shoes. You have to practically push him onto the field and wait until his leg cramps and elbow pains and shin splints subside. But the ritual isn't complete yet. Even then he may never do more than swing in a kind of perpetual Wiffle batting practice. Just as you're about to promise to sacrifice your first-born son, someone says, "Herman, are you ready?" And he says, "I'm ready."

That's the way the finest league game began on May 6, 1979. Herman's curve was really working, and the game went into extra innings. He was in a scoreless tie with Moskowitz until the bottom of the ninth, when he unloaded his big, big curve. It curled out of his hand like a cobra from a basket. Moskowitz watched it like a mongoose. He swung the Kessel-Kill. The ball hit high in the fir tree, dribbling down limb by limb into a tomato patch on the home-run side of the field. Moskowitz won. Herman sat down on the mound, tugging at crabgrass, as if morosely waiting for fans to leave the stands. Then, as always, he made his way to the kitchen and turned the TV back on. "That's it," he said disgustedly. "I'm retiring for good." It just wouldn't be the same if he didn't.

END



right would do. There were 27 in one game in 1969; my batters were helped considerably by a millwind pushed by Hurricane Gerda.

Since our first game, the fir tree has grown to 40 feet, and the forsythia has virtually closed off rightfield. These days homers are more a matter of accuracy or luck than power. You have to hit the ball through an ever-narrowing slot in center. On top of that, the plate was moved back 12 feet in 1971, making it even more of a pitcher's game. Actually, the exact location of the plate has been in dispute for some years. Herman's older brother seeded the field in the early '70s, and home plate was lost.

Each wiffler has developed his own pitching style. Arn Tellem relies exclusively on his fastball, which he delivers



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TATES LOCKE

Sir,

I was the basketball reporter for the Miami University newspaper when Bates Locke (The Descent of a Man, March 8) became head basketball coach. Bates was a stern taskmaster, but he was a decent and moral man. Once he dismissed a player for legitimate disciplinary reasons. Subsequently, that ex-player was in a severe automobile accident. Bates gave him and his family all the support he could. Because I personally know of Locke's inherent goodness, I see him as a victim—on the sense of a victim in a classical tragedy. This is the country that worships the man who said, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

The hypocritical world of college athletics is merely a microcosm of our society, which pays lip service to rules and then expects triumph at any cost. Nothing excuses cheating or rule-breaking, but Locke is only the latest sacrifice on the American altar of victory.

JIM WEGBERT
New York City

Sir,

In 1967-68 I was a graduate assistant in the physical education department at Miami University and had contact with Bates Locke on an almost daily basis. I was always greatly impressed with his integrity, honesty and dedication to his profession. Later, when I was a high school basketball coach, Bates was never too busy to discuss a particular bit of coaching strategy or to talk about a prospect I may have recommended. I know what the real Bates Locke once was to college basketball, and can be again. I only hope that some university will give him the chance.

JOHN ALLENWORTH
Tiffin, Ohio

Sir,

Bates Locke shouldn't feel too bad if, as he suggests, fans are comparing him to Frank James, a member, with brother Jesse, of the famous outlaw duo. What is so often overlooked is that, like Bates, Frank James reformed. He became the betting commissioner, that is, the man entrusted to bet the owner's money, for the famous thoroughbred racing stable of Sam Hildreth.

Hildreth wrote in his autobiography, *The Spell of the Turf*, that Frank James was "scrupulously honest.... When Frank quit being a desperado he washed the slate clean. He was going straight as a string when I knew him and there were plenty of chances for him to cheat me."

LANDON MANNING
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

HERSCHEL'S BELT BUCKLE

Sir,

I am shocked that SI would run a photograph of Herschel Walker on the cover (March 1) and fail to notice what looks like a marijuana leaf on his belt buckle. This isn't the type of example that one of America's sports heroes should be setting. Your editors are as much at fault as he is.

CADET BRIAN D. JONES
West Point, N.Y.

• Hold it! There's no marijuana leaf there, although a number of readers jumped to the same erroneous conclusion. If there's any fault here, it lies with the camera and the shadows cast by the photographer's lights. What appeared on the cover to be a leaf is really a striped bronze trefoil, the trademark of Adidas, which is mounted in the center of the German silver buckle and surrounded by



"Western scrollwork." The name Adidas appears in raised bronze letters below it (see above). The buckle, which isn't an Adidas product or authorized by the company, was specially designed by a friend of Adidas as a gift for a small number of Adidas representatives, one of whom, a friend of Herschel Walker's, gave him to Walker. The buckle isn't available commercially.—ED.

THE PIPELINE

Sir,

I had just returned from my first trip to Oahu's North Shore when my "surfing issue" of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arrived (*Thunder from the Sea*, March 8). I was stoked! You presented a very good human interest story, but there weren't enough surfing pictures. Next time give more coverage to surfing contests and, please, more pictures.

By the way, why did the cover read "The Banzai Pipeline" when the cover photo was apparently taken elsewhere? Maybe it was Buckdoe Pipe, but it wasn't the wave described in the article. Please explain.

JIM THOMAS
Carolina Beach, N.C.

• The picture was taken at the Pipeline. Most

of the waves at the Pipeline come in from the north or northwest and break to the left, which is when surfing the Pipeline is at its best. But some swells come in from the northeast and break to the right, forming a more elliptical wave. Riding the latter, as the surfer is doing on SI's cover, is known as surfing "the Backdoor."—ED.

Sir,

Sam Moses' article on the Banzai Pipeline had me feeling the rush of the tubes and the crush of the "gunline." It was magnificent.

JAY ZELLMER
San Francisco

Sir,

Thanks. I believe this is the first time a surfer has graced your cover since your July 18, 1986 issue, when you ran Bob Oatman's cover story on Phil Edwards.

TIM FISHER
Milford, Conn.

Sir,

What do I see buried on page 75? The biggest college basketball upset of the year? What's on the cover? A surfer riding the waves? Is this SI or *Bench Bum Digest*?

J.D. PROSE
Hyattsville, Md.

Sir,

No matter how appealing scenes of Hawaii are amid an eight-inch snowfall, there is still only one way to describe 12 pages, including the cover, of surfing in SI, Boring!

EDWARD J. FRAMI
Milwaukee

Sir,

Seeing your photograph of Bruce Hamel wiping out, I couldn't help but be reminded of Charlie Brown upended above the pitcher's mound after an opposing batter has belted a fastball by him.

JEFFREY FROST
Plainville, N.Y.

HUFFING AND PUFFING

Sir,

Thanks for the truly fine photographs by Walter Ions Jr. (*Baseball Puts Its Best Feet Forward*, March 8). And thanks especially for the shot of Tom Seaver. It's nice to know there still is some appreciation for baseball's best pitcher.

LANCE M. SIEGEL
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir,

Thanks for your great picture of Miami Stadium under overcast skies at sunset. It brought back a lot of memories.

BRAD BIERMAN
Synture, N.Y.

continued

A GOOD HUSBAND SHOULD PREPARE HIS WIFE TO END UP ALONE.



Even if you have insurance on your life, you could be leaving your wife and children only half protected.

Here's what often happens: Upon the husband's death, a wife receives the proceeds of his Whole Life Policy. Now she should have insurance on her own life as new head of the family. However, she may not want to spend that money now. Or she may find insurance unaffordable because of her age, or unavailable because of her health.

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Sports Illustrated
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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

In the introduction to your picture act on spring training you say that the "leisurely rimes of spring" promise to "cleanse and renew the spirit of the grand old game." Your photographs then show an ad overshadowing two players, a Metro guard delicately holding his diminishing butt and Dave Parker and teammates enjoying a deep drag on their cigarettes. Exactly which cleansing and renewing aspects of the game do these photos depict?

RICHARD WOLANSKE
Westminster, Mass

Sir:

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw your picture of Dave Parker. Here is a great ball-player, and the only picture you can show is one of him smoking a cigarette? He had an off year last year, so you, like all other sports-writers, won't let him forget it. There are still many Parker fans around the country, and we all expect him to return to his old form this year.

BARRY SINGER
Jamestown, N.Y.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S COMEBACK

Sir,

As your writers so astutely pointed out (*Special Report: Stormy Weather at South Carolina*, Feb. 8), in the wake of the resignation of Pam Parsons as University of South Carolina women's basketball coach, the team dwindled to six players, lost more games than it won and fell from second to 19th in the women's college basketball polls.

But since the article appeared, the remaining Lady Gamecocks—yes, the nickname is ludicrous, but that was a cheap shot—and the four walk-ons have regrouped and won 10 of their last 11 games, including four over Top 20 opponents. They finished the regular season with a 22-7 record and ranked 13th in the AP poll. The Final Four in the NCAA playoffs at Norfolk isn't impossible.

KATHLEEN WAINOCK
Columbia, S.C.

CORRECTED STATS

Sir:

I'd like to clear up a misunderstanding in Steve Wulf's STATS column (March 8). While we did hear of Snokey Joe Wood's concern about the error in his record in *The Baseball Encyclopedia* through John Thorn, who spoke with Wood for a book he is doing, the error had long since been corrected by Editor Joe Reichler, who works year-round checking the *Encyclopedia* for errors.

JEFFREY NEUMAN
Associate Editor
Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.
New York City

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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100's Ment. 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec'81

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